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INTO THE LAST LAP the campaign moves, and still the prophets are at sea. How much has the hullabaloo about the dear old Constitution—which has already been amended nineteen times without upsetting the Republic—alarmed the "silent voters" about the menace of La Follette? No one knows. How much has the picture of Republican complacency in the face of corruption burned into the hearts of the voters? No one knows. The electorate is becoming more and more of a mystery to the dopesters. The corner saloon is gone, and there is no political dope-shop to take its place. The women's vote is utterly incalculable. Increasingly of late years the voters have shown their complete indifference to the editorial views of their favorite newspapers, and newspaper opinion is no longer a safe yardstick. Straw votes indicate a surprising strength for a President who has not dared to name the Ku Klux Klan or speak his mind on a single important issue—but straw votes are almost always taken among the more prosperous sections of the population. Davis, the prophets agree, is surer of the border States than he seemed a month ago; but what can he win in the Northeast and how far East will the La Follette landslide carry? Those are the questions which the last week must answer. Meanwhile Davis and McAdoo, by their friendly tributes to La Follette's character, have introduced a healthy note of common sense into the campaign.

THE EAST thinks of ex-General Dawes as a valiant reactionary; a high-powered locomotive running rapidly in reverse. Wall Street thinks of him as a friend and ally. They don't know Charley as he is pictured out where the La Follette vote rolls up darkly across the blue sky of Republican confidence, out where farmers and ranchmen and miners and oil workers live and vote. For instance, he spoke one recent day in Casper, Wyoming. A two-page spread advertisement contributed by leading citizens and business concerns heralded his arrival, and revealed to the world Charles Gates Dawes—progressive, pacifist, radical friend of the workingman. The announcement read in part:

> Charles Gates Dawes moved to Lincoln from Ohio in 1887. He took a position as bookkeeper in a paper mill. Later he branched out into the law business. He was intensely interested in the anti-monopoly fight, became a live foe of the railroads and a recognized leader of the farmer movement for lower freight rates. . . . He was always a friend of the under dog. He was sympathetic and particularly fond of children. P. C. Spencer knew him in the early days, says that all the kids in town were his pals. . . . He became nationally and internationally prominent as a reconstruction agent working for a lasting peace. Dawes was nominated at the Cleveland Convention through the council of progressives.

We feel it our duty to let the bankers of the East know what a dangerous radical is this Minute Man Dawes to whom they have pledged their hearts and their dollars and their votes—or at least what he is when hunting votes in Wyoming.

WE HAVE OFTEN EXPRESSED the conviction that the American Legion should not take sides in politics, and on that account it seems unfortunate that Alvin Owsley, former national commander, and fourteen others prominent in the organization should have signed a statement arraigning the Republican Party for betraying our disabled ex-service men. Besides, the charge—when used as an argument for the election of Mr. Davis—is not strictly fair because the beginnings of this national disgrace took place in a Democratic Administration. Both old parties are implicated in this incredibly base and cruel scandal, and this fact alone ought to be sufficient reason why not only every ex-service man but every other decent American should blast Republicans and Democrats alike at the polls. The voter should remember, as the statement of this group of American Legion men says, that

> Investigators have estimated that one-third of the money appropriated has been stolen by grafting politicians or wasted by incompetent office holders. A past director of the United States Veterans Bureau is under indictment for bribery. The present director is accused by leaders of his own party and by nonpartisan veterans' organizations of keeping incompetent department chiefs in power. For the first time in the history of our republic men were found low enough to rob the wounded.

These conditions, as the statement adds, are "intolerable and unforgivable"—and should not be forgotten or forgiven on November 4.

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GERMANY TOO is to have an election. The long-drawn-out crisis has culminated in the decision that only a new balloting can give the country a government that will not be the plaything of party moods. With seven major political parties Germany has an even harder time than England to produce a coalition that can govern. Presumably this national election will show the same result as recent local pollings: the tendency, natural in time of increasing stability, to concentrate on the moderate middle parties. The extremists, both Left and Right, who made such great gains last May, are sure to lose ground—and the conservative Socialists, the Democrats, and especially the Catholic Centrists will gain. Somewhat will depend upon the outcome of the British elections. For it is a striking fact that today no country votes by itself alone. The outcome of the British election on October 29 may have some influence on the voting in this country on November 4, just as Ramsay MacDonald's victory in England a year ago paved the way to Herriot's triumph in France a few months later and as MacDonald's fall leaves Herriot shaky. Even political parties are coming to be international.

NOW THERE IS FIGHTING in South China as well as in the central provinces and the north. Press dispatches tell of a battle in the streets of Canton between "Fascisti" and "Red Armies," but this is oversimplifying. The Canton Merchants' Volunteer Corps is not fascist in the European connotation. It is an expression of Cantonese weariness with twelve years of revolutioneering by Sun Yat-sen and his cohorts. At one time the commercial elements of Canton were solidly behind Dr. Sun, morally and financially. They gave him numerous chances to practice the kind of government he preached. Instead war after war has been loosed on the city until its economic life has been paralyzed. Its population of two million or more has lived in constant terror of sacking by one side or another. When Dr. Sun, to further one of his political designs, brought into the province from a neighboring and traditionally hostile province undisciplined troops who subsequently looted a large district he alienated the Cantonese still further. The merchants—including the small merchants—organized, not for any political purpose but to rid the city of politics altogether. This threatened Dr. Sun's supremacy, and his troops tried to disarm the merchant forces, whence the collision.

CHINA IS NOT THE ONLY COUNTRY which would be happier if its politicians and soldiers were loaded onto a barge with a cargo of burning matches and TNT, but, being older, it has had better demonstration of the truth. Now, with three useless wars inflicting suffering on millions of innocent peasants all over the country, the point is being grievously labored. Whether Wu Pei-fu or Chang Tso-lin wins in the main conflict in the North, the country will be little better off. Domination by one general will be exchanged for domination by another. In either case China is weakened in resistance to foreign imperialism, which is the biggest issue before the Chinese nation. Fortunately, no pretext has yet been given for foreign intervention, despite the proximity of retreating bands of troops to the foreign concessions in Shanghai and Canton. Foreign property has been unmolested. Meanwhile our own Department of State, which has latterly been free with moral preachments to China on the subject of law and order, is happily silent. Election campaigns have their uses. With Mr. Secretary Hughes crediting peace in the Pacific to Republican achievement it would be embarrassing if American marines were to start shooting up Chinese towns. For the next few weeks Mr. Hughes will probably turn Nelson's blind eye on Chinese "chaos."

REAL ISSUES are hidden behind the effigy of unshaven Bolsheviks in the British elections even as in this country. If anything the English are a bit more picturesque. La Follette's opponents ask solemnly, "How much money has been sent from Russia through Mexico to help the La Follette campaign?" In England MacDonald's opponents sing

> Bolshevik, Bolshevik, where have you been?
> Over to England where the Reds are still green.

But the situation seems a little ironical in view of the action of the recent Labor Party conference in rejecting communism and Communists. After a three hours' debate the conference refused the affiliation of the Communist Party, refused to allow Communists to be indorsed as official Labor candidates or even to be members of the Labor Party at all. A recent Labor manifesto states that

> The Labor Party seeks to achieve the socialist commonwealth by means of parliamentary democracy. The Communist Party seeks to achieve the "dictatorship of the proletariat" by armed revolution. . . . The Labor Party holds a fundamental objection to tyranny quite apart from the social, political, or industrial standing of the tyrant.

In this country the Communists are denouncing La Follette as an arch-reactionary. Yet on both sides of the sea the bogy-industry seems to survive. Bogies are so much more interesting than issues.

THE PROSECUTION of Captain Robert Rosenbluth, charged with the murder in 1918 of his superior officer, Major Cronkhite, was made known to the country in columns of type and flaming headlines throughout the period of his indictments and trial. The final dismissal of the last indictment and Captain Rosenbluth's unconditional discharge were modestly noted in the press of October 15. They are worthy of more than passing attention. Never was a man more unjustly made the center of legal and extra-legal attack; never was government money more wantonly wasted. Captain Rosenbluth's career has been injured if not ruined; he has lived for years under the strain of indictments, threats, libels, and newspaper attacks. The Government, under Palmer and Daugherty, has spent some $200,000 in a vain effort to prove an innocent man guilty. Some good came out of the case; the best legal help in the country was freely offered for Rosenbluth's defense; citizens of the highest character offered their support and gave testimonials to his good repute. Robert Rosenbluth did not kill the man he was accused of killing; Major Cronkhite died of an accidental bullet wound from his own hand. But the persecution directed against Rosenbluth served as an indirect attack on all liberalism; his second indictment in 1922 served to prevent an inquiry into his case during the investigation of the Department of Justice then pending; the charges made against him were exploited by agents of anti-Semitism and international ill-feeling all over the country. Now, let us hope, their mouths are stopped. But it is too late to undo the harm that was done by the spectacle

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of legal bullying and by the bad blood stirred—just as it is too late to wipe out the injury to an innocent man.

WE ARE NOT FOND of rattling dead bones, but sometimes it is instructive to indicate how a fine institution can be and is being destroyed. It is as important to recognize and shun the technique of decay as to learn and put into effect that of growth. So we revert from time to time to Clark University, which ever since the election of Wallace W. Atwood as president has been deteriorating from a foremost institution of graduate research and scholarship into a glorified business college. In a recent university bulletin we read that "enlarged Clark" reopened on September 17. The first item describing this enlargement is noted under the head "Development of New Athletic Field." This, indeed, seems to be about the only justification for the boast: "When Clark University opens this fall it will be a larger institution in every way than ever before," because the enrolment shows not an increasing but a dwindling number of students. In 1922-23 the students numbered 379, in 1923-24 they dropped to 297, and this autumn the registration is only 274. The graduate department has been decimated, having dropped from ninety-four students two years ago to fifty-five this autumn. When Dr. Atwood advertised the new policy at Clark by stopping a speech by Scott Nearing he warned free scholars off the campus, and the warning has been heeded.

SOCIAL WORK is becoming international, and the question of immigration and emigration is shifting its center from the local to the larger movements of peoples. The International Migration Service is one of the pioneers in this field. It was started by the Young Women's Christian Association in 1921 as an experiment in international social work to give aid to women and children who had started for this country. Local charities in some of the European ports of embarkation gave temporary help to the emigrants, but an organization with a knowledge of law and legal procedure, with representatives in his homeland, in the port of embarkation, and in the country to which he was going, was needed. The International Migration Service filled this need and found itself investigating over 5,000 cases in a year—men, women, and children. This extensive service seemed to warrant an independent life for the bureau. Eventually, of course, this complicated question will have to be dealt with by an official international body.

FACTS ARE SAID TO BE stubborn things. But some people are so much more stubborn than facts that facts become non-existent to their prejudices and propaganda. The words *défaitiste* and *défaitisme*—coined in France in the bitter years of the European War—fill so evident a need in universal speech that they have been taken over into English as "defeatist" and "defeatism," and incorporated with suitable changes into other languages. Yet the French Academy, in a spirit, we suppose, of outraged patriotism voted the other day not to admit them to the dictionary. Likewise we note that Mr. Courtenay Guild of Boston has protested against the use of Leningrad instead of Petrograd or St. Petersburg on the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "If we are expected to pay reverence to Lenin to please the new leader of our symphony orchestra," he expostulates, "it may be desirable to look for a new conductor in spite of the undoubted ability of our Russian visitor." The Russian director disclaims any hand in the matter—as well he may. But we wonder what the excited Mr. Guild would say if someone in Holland should start a movement for addressing letters no longer to New York but to Nieuw Amsterdam.

WITH THAT DEGREE of serious effort and concentration attained only by college boys about their fun, Cornell is improving its organized cheering. Cheering has been "deplorable," it is charged, and a "definite body of rooters" must be built up. But here masculine college spirit runs head on into feminine college spirit, for the Cornell girls, it seems, demand and apparently take a place in the cheering section along with the boys. What can be done to suppress these viragos with their soprano cheers? The college paper is exercised over the question—and so are we. Feminine incapacity to shout in a hoarse bass against the November wind is undoubted. Nor can girls indulge successfully in cane rushes and hazing and military drill. Hope for the gradual growth of humor and intelligence in American colleges lies with the development of a spirit of unpatriotic aloofness in the less muscular members of the student body.

BLASCO IBANEZ, novelist of Spain, has announced with a flourish that he is about to begin a campaign against the Government of his country. His pen will hold back not one drop of ink, he declares, until the full iniquity of that dictatorship has been exposed. There can be no question not only that the present Government of Spain deserves the contempt of all writers who live under it but that any Government anywhere needs to be subjected from time to time to the passionate scrutiny of its men of letters. Yet several questions arise in connection with Blasco Ibanez's loud proposal. Why only now? It is perhaps a year since Miguel de Unamuno—a first-rate author—made his attack and suffered his banishment. Is heterodoxy safer today? How destructive are ideas which already have begun to be commonplace? And why an announcement? Original critics of the state have never announced programs for the simple reason that there was no audience which would know what the programs meant. Everybody now knows what Blasco Ibanez is preparing to begin to say; he has plenty of company. He would have more of our respect if he were a little lonelier.

CONSIDER THE PUSHCART. The New York City Department of Public Markets reports that in the congested Borough of Manhattan about 1,513,000 persons, or two-fifths of the population, are supplied with food by the pushcart. Nor is food the pushcart's only stock in trade. It offers pretty nearly everything else from framed pictures to tooth brushes, woolen socks, and babies' rattles. Its proprietor is willing to work a day of uncounted hours in scorching or frigid weather; he puts no money into advertising, he pays no tribute to landlords, he wastes nothing on expensive trappings or "service," and he is thankful to accept a profit that gives him the meagerest kind of livelihood—without thought of limousines or cabarets. There has been a determined effort to push the pushcart off the streets—chiefly on the part of those who seek more room for the gasoline pleasure cars of the well-to-do. Fortunately the effort has not been successful. All hail the pushcart!

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Can the Election Be Bought?

LA FOLLETTE was right. There *is* a slush fund. The Republicans have admitted virtually every one of the Senator's charges about the attempt to buy the election. National Treasurer William V. Hodges admits that Pennsylvania's quota for this year's Republican campaign fund is $600,000, and adds that Illinois's is $400,000. The campaign manager, William M. Butler, admits that the total will be at least $3,000,000; but with the Pennsylvania and Illinois figures in mind it is difficult to take that figure seriously. It used to be reckoned that three-fourths of the campaign funds came out of New York City. The Republican National Committee admits raising and spending $1,714,317 before October 10—and every one knows that the vast bulk of campaign expenditures, including the expensive full-page newspaper advertisements, come in the last month of the campaign. Upon the admitted basis of the early stages, this expensive campaign may easily cost the Republicans as much as the great outpouring of 1920, when Will Hays distributed more than $8,000,000—no one yet knows quite how.

In one of those anonymous statements which everyone knows to be reports of the President's conferences with the Washington newspapermen we are told, after three days' sittings by Senator Borah's committee, that "a representative of the President" says that "the President is especially pleased with the showing that the finances of the committee have been handled with such care and regard for the law and the proprieties." This is in keeping with the tactics of the Republican campaign. From the beginning Mr. Coolidge has pursued a policy of intrepid silence about every disclosure of crookedness and rottenness in his party and in his Cabinet. Now among the campaign letters soliciting funds to reelect Mr. Coolidge was a famous letter sent out by the Massachusetts Republican Campaign Committee. There is "no limit to the amount an individual may give to the committee," this bare-faced letter said. "Large contributions will be so divided as to give full observance to the requirements of the statute which limits contributions from any one person." Could crookedness be franker? Could the determination of the President's party in his home State to buy the national election be bolder? Yet the President is "especially pleased" with the "care and regard for the law and the proprieties"!

Or again, there is the letter of George S. Ward, president of the Ward Baking Co., popularly known as the "Bread Trust." Mr. Ward in New York State, like Mr. Grundy in Pennsylvania, set out to raise money to buy Coolidge enthusiasm in the insurgent West. He sent a circular letter to the bakers and heads of allied industries in New York State. In this letter, with a cynicism worthy of the Massachusetts Republicans, he warned his friends that the law forbade contributions from corporations, and asked them to make their remittances on personal checks. But in order to identify the corporation he enclosed a separate blank, to be attached to the check, so that the Republican National Committee might know to whom to be grateful. Nor was Mr. Ward alone. Mr. G. Bluthenthal, "chairman of the Fur Trade Committee," at the request of the Republican National Committee wrote a similar letter to the members of his industry. Probably every industry was canvassed. "Corporations cannot contribute to campaign funds under the law," wrote Mr. Bluthenthal, "but I earnestly urge you and your associates to contribute liberally, *using the enclosed blank to identify your check.*" Was that what Mr. Coolidge meant by "regard for the law and the proprieties"?

It is the old game of "frying the fat" out of the protected industries. Mr. Grundy, the president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, put it plainly in his letters. "Pennsylvanians!" he cried, "Because you have enjoyed much you must contribute liberally." Enjoyed what? Why, special privileges, tariff favors—from the Republican Party, of course. And if big business wants more favors it must "come across." It is the old, old story.

If there is anything calculated to undermine faith in American institutions, to deepen the sense of class antagonism in American life, to create that class war against which the Coolidge orators fulminate, it is precisely this Republican plan to buy with money what they could not win by argument. It is a battle of rich against poor. Already, the Republicans admit, more than two hundred individuals have contributed to the party chest more than $1,000 each. William Wrigley, the chewing-gum man, gave $25,000; Mortimer Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., gave $15,000; two members of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co. gave $5,000 each; A. R. Carleton, president of the Holly Sugar Corporation, owning beet-sugar factories in three States (for which the Republican National Treasurer serves as counsel), gave $10,000. And so it goes. Last April, when the country was aroused at the revelations that Doheny and Sinclair had contributed liberally to both old-party campaign funds, Mr. Coolidge let it be known that he was opposed to contributions of more than $5,000 each. Today his party treasurer reports a score above that limit—and Mr. Coolidge is "especially pleased."

The Democrats also have a striking number of large contributions—twenty of $5,000 or more—although their total is far below that of the affluent Republicans. Contrast these figures with the poverty of the Progressives. They have collected a total of $190,525—a little more than a tenth as much as the Republicans—and have not yet spent all of it. More than 72,000 individuals contributed; most of the money came in one-dollar contributions. The largest donation was from the national treasurer, W. T. Rawleigh; only one other gift was above $1,000; and only three were of that size. There is a people's movement for you!

"There is in this country a great unrest," says John W. Davis. "There is stirring in the public mind of the United States a great protest, uninformed in part and unintelligent in part, yet which, like all such things, may mount and grow until it becomes an onrushing storm, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, carrying us on its bosom to ports we cannot know." If the Republican Party thinks it can safely return to the old days of unchecked graft, if it believes that with the free use of money it can buy up States which would be lost to it at an honest election, let it beware. The people of the United States will not stay bought. Sooner or later, by one means or another, the people will throw off their money masters. Senator Borah, still a Republican, said last spring:

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> . . . So long as political parties seeking power or control of the Government accept vast contributions from those who are interested in matters of legislation or administration you will have sinister and corrupt and controlled government. . . . It all leads to that sinister and subtle influence which does more to break down representative government than any specific instance of open bribe.

There you have it! If there is ever a real danger of revolution in this country the Republican vote-buyers will be responsible for it.

Unto the Least of These . . .

ZIANG SUN WAN was just a poor "Chink," and circumstantial evidence seemed to point to him as the murderer of three men found dead in the Chinese Educational Mission in Washington, back in 1919. He denied it. Through days and nights the police stood guard over him in his hotel room, hurling questions, demands, affirmations at him. On the eighth day he was taken back to the mission and there examined and cross-examined for ten continuous hours. On the ninth day, at 5:20 in the morning, he was taken to the police-station and formally placed under arrest. There the gruelling continued. On the tenth day he was again taken to the mission, where an imaginary murder was enacted before his eyes. Finally, on the eleventh day, Wan confessed, and on the strength of that confession, which he later retracted, Ziang Sung Wan was convicted of murder.

In a decision which ought to strike at the roots of police terrorism the United States Supreme Court has just granted Ziang Sung Wan a new trial, on the ground that the alleged confession was extorted. "The undisputed facts showed that compulsion was applied," said Mr. Justice Brandeis, rendering the opinion of the court. "As to that matter there was no issue upon which the jury could properly have been required or been permitted to pass. The alleged oral statement and the written confession should have been excluded." A confession tortured out of a man is no confession in the eyes of the law, and the Supreme Court refuses to recognize it as such. We think of the days of the rack and pinion as long past, yet every day of the year, in almost every city of the country, the police apply, in greater or less measure, third-degree methods to force suspects to confess. Once in a great while something happens to concentrate public attention upon this survival of medievalism. Then dead apathy follows; the public forgets. Two years ago there was the case of Luther Boddy. Boddy was a young Negro, a rather shiftless young man who had fallen into the toils of what we euphemistically call the law. Once marked out by the police he was suspected of every petty theft in his neighborhood. Again and again he was taken to the station-house and "put on the grill." He had fallen into that luckless group of misfits who no longer have any rights that policemen feel bound to respect, for whom the ordinary police restraints no longer exist. One day when two detectives seized him by the arm and told him to "come along" Boddy pulled out his gun and shot them both dead. "I was so tired of being beaten up all the time," he explained.

Police Commissioner Enright stoutly denied the existence of third-degree methods at that time. The police officials always deny it. They denied it in Washington. But on the day on which Mr. Enright made his denial a prisoner appeared in court "a mass of black and blue bruises from his neck to his heels," obviously "terribly beaten," in the words of the police magistrate before whom he came for judgment. In that case the magistrate denounced the policeman responsible as not only a brute but a liar. The public, aroused for a moment, forgot. The policeman, we do not doubt, is still on duty. A Filipino was beaten up last July; "I'm a dark man and poor, so there's no hope for me," he told the priest who attended him; and he was right. Chicago had its moment of awakening in the early days of the Franks murder case. The Chicago police, before they discovered Leopold and Loeb, suspected two young instructors at the Lincoln School, and when the two instructors pleaded innocence they put them through what is known in the Chicago vernacular as "goldfishing." "Goldfishing," apparently, includes beating with a rubber hose. The instructors will not soon forget what they learned of the treatment meted out to the underworld. The Chicago papers rang for a few days with denunciations of the beatings; then all but the two instructors forgot.

It is time that something was done to make police officials remember that they too are required to obey the law. Doubtless it is true, as they allege, that some valid confessions are extorted by the third degree; doubtless the inquisitors of the middle ages, too, could point to some honest successes of their methods. But the defense is no justification. It does not excuse the starving and torturing, bullying and beating which go on defiantly in the name of the law. Officials who are guilty of such practices, however sincerely they may believe them necessary, in fact violate their oaths of office. It would be a healthy shock to law officials all over the country if a few such guardians of the law were themselves thrown into prison, and made to suffer the penalties which would befall ordinary citizens who beat their neighbors with strips of rubber hose. The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Ziang Sung Wan should give the sanction of the federal government to a movement to restore respect for law among the law enforcers. The fact that Wan was just a poor "Chink" should make his case all the more impressive.

Gottlieb and Seiff

"WHAT'S all this business about injunctions?" people ask. "You don't mean that injunctions are a real issue in the campaign?" There is a widespread effort to make it appear that the power of injunction is an unimportant matter. The best answer to this sort of propaganda is the plain story of one injunction.

Gottlieb and Seiff are partners in manufacturing children's coats. They are contractors for a larger firm in New York City and maintain their own business in Jamaica, Long Island. Thus they escape union regulations and union wages. They employ between sixty and one hundred workers, mostly Polish and Italian girls (they give the lower figure of the number of their employees; the union gives the higher), and they pay a wage scale substantially less than that which is paid in New York. The union alleges it is less than half the New York union wage. The existence of such shops as this menaces union conditions everywhere. It was natural, therefore, that the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union should take an interest in conditions. Dissatisfied employees joined its ranks and pre-

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sented the usual demand for moderate increase in wages, a reduction of hours, and recognition of the union. The employers refused, and late in July a strike began.

As to the number of those who struck and the extent of dissatisfaction there is the usual difference in the statements of the employers and of the union. At any rate, the employers rushed to court to get a temporary injunction against the union. This they promptly got from Justice Cropsey on August 6, 1924. (Remember the date). It was a sweeping injunction, covering even peaceful picketing. It was based only on the employers' statement of the case. The temporary injunction and order "to show cause" finally came to a hearing before Justice John MacCrate. Both the employers and the union submitted affidavits and arguments by counsel. Justice MacCrate took his time; finally on September 3, he refused to grant an injunction. His opinion of the mass of affidavits before him and the strength of the employers' case is thus laconically summarized in his refusal to grant the desired injunction:

> One actual assault is specified. It is uncontradicted that the complainant was held equally guilty with those against whom he complained. The affidavits of the police officers cannot be disregarded, especially when it is noted that none of those who claim to have been threatened swear they have made complaint to the police.

The employers promptly appealed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, where the matter remains still undecided. Meanwhile, it might be supposed that the employees were free to go ahead with the peaceful conduct of the strike. Not at all. When Justice MacCrate had decided against them the employers went before Justice Young of the Appellate Division. As one of their counsel they retained a brother of Justice Rich, who sits on the Appellate bench with Justice Young. Justice Young, sitting by himself, without any hearing, reissued the temporary injunction on which Justice MacCrate had decided adversely! Some days later he held a brief hearing and continued the injunction, though no facts were brought out which had not been before Justice MacCrate when he denied the injunction.

In other words, from August 6 on the union has been enjoined from the effective conduct of the strike, in spite of the fact that the one judge who heard their case decided in their favor. When the Appellate Division finally reaches a decision on the merits of the original case, it is likely that there will be no real strike in existence. The Italian and Polish girl workers have neither the financial reserves nor the experience of union solidarity to carry on for months when the courts ally themselves with their employers; meanwhile their competition makes it harder for other girls to earn a decent living.

For this state of affairs courts established to do justice are directly responsible. The employees were restrained from perfectly legal acts without a reasonable hearing. One judge coolly nullified the decision of another. If no pickets were sent to jail without trial by jury that is only because the union obeyed the injunction. It is not because the injunction itself was just, nor is it certain that every union will always obey unjust injunctions. This power of our judges to come to the aid of employers in labor disputes is a dangerous barrier across the path to peaceful progress. In protesting against injunctions, the progressive movement and the labor unions behind it are standing not only for freedom but for a chance to win freedom without violence.

Heaven and Hell

THERE is nothing surprising in President Eliot's recently expressed opinion that he could not look forward with great pleasure to an eternity passed in any of the heavens imagined by popular theology. The remark is the sincere expression of a man who is drawing to the close of a long and active life and cannot imagine himself as content in even the most blessed idleness ever conceived. His is the natural reaction of the worker, and it is doubtful if anyone ever really longed for eternal rest unless he had been one of those temperamentally incapable of doing anything likely to make him need even a shorter repose.

The crudest imagination can picture a hell terrible enough to satisfy anyone's idea of a place unpleasant as an eternal residence. But men have come by slow stages to forget its existence, and it is not surprising that they should come to a point where they refuse to take seriously pictures of eternal bliss which, even when conceived by the most poetic minds, have always been singularly vapid, suggestive of a condition calculated to bore to extinction the most indolent man within the space of a very small fraction of eternity. The popular preachers, however, having on the whole an extremely low opinion of human character, give up reluctantly the threat of damnation; and, since most of them seem sincerely to believe that vice is attractive and virtue dull, they will be ready to abandon the world as inevitably lost if they can neither threaten nor bribe the ordinary man into being good. They have generally been more loath than laymen to admit that virtue is its own reward; but it really looks as though, for the future, the world would have to get along as best it may with men who, like President Eliot, are willing to work and work well—not in order to escape hell or to win eternal rest but simply because they find in work itself the only incentive they need.

Before we regret too much the good old days when heaven was heaven indeed and hell was boiling hot, it would be well to consider what was really believed. Our grandfathers may have been content with celestial harpers and heavenly choirs, but they themselves were, after all, degenerates from the primitive faith. In the days which were really good and really old imaginations were more vigorous and piety less emasculated by an unrighteous tenderness for sinners. If we wish to turn back, let us turn back to Tertullian, who pictured hell as a sort of peep show for the saved, guaranteed to furnish unfailing entertainment to the fortunate inhabitants of paradise, which—but his own vigorous style in the treatise "De Spectaculis" will give a more vivid picture:

> How shall I wonder! How shall I laugh! How shall I rejoice! How shall I triumph when I behold so many and such illustrious kings groaning with Jupiter their god in the lowest darkness of hell! Then shall the tragedians pour forth in their own misfortune more piteous cries than those with which they had made the theater to resound, while the comedian's powers shall be better seen as he becomes more flexible by the heat: Compared with such spectacles, with such subjects of triumph as these, what can praetor or consul, quaestor or pontiff, afford? And even now faith can bring them near, imagination can depict them as present.

To Tertullian eternity did not seem too long a time in which to make up for the kindness and forbearance demanded of him on earth.

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Summing Up the Campaign

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

St. Louis, October 15

WHAT has the new Progressive Party achieved? It has injected into the campaign the only issues around which discussion could center. It has, by its definite challenge to the old parties, made the election campaign what it ought to be—a great quadrennial period of political education. It has furnished a rallying point to millions politically homeless who would otherwise have stayed away from the polls or voted in bitterness and disgust. It has revived hope, reinspired faith that political progress is not dead, that leaders can be found to assail the massed forces of wealth and privilege even as at different times and in different ways they have been challenged by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. It has demonstrated that with but little support by the press the word of inspiration may yet reach the masses. Finally, the campaign has proved that we are politically in flux; that old party ties and names mean less than ever before; that men and women are more and more realizing the importance of financial and economic issues, so that the time is surely not far off when the much desired realignment along conservative and liberal lines will come to pass.

No one can travel in the Northwest and not be struck by the depth of the feeling of discontent of those who are in revolt. Vast multitudes are entirely content, entirely occupied with their four-wheel brakes and their radios. The others are losing patience. I am not thinking merely of the 600,000 farmers who have lost farms or gone into bankruptcy. I am thinking of great groups who feel more and more the difficulty of the struggle for life; who have fought fight after fight for better conditions only to be beaten again and again. They are convinced that America does not offer their children what it ought to. They are outraged by the spectacle of crass crookedness at Washington and by the indifference of our accidental President to the extent of wrong-doing, he who could only marvel that there were so few thieves and so little stolen.

So confused is it all that he who would prophesy is foolish. The honest correspondents admit that at the very moment they think they see Coolidge votes on every bush, in every branch. The truth is that while millions are utterly indifferent, other millions are in doubt as to how they will vote, and still others have decided but will tell no one. This is particularly true in Indiana and Missouri. In Fort Wayne, for example, the Republicans have failed to get 15,000 out of the 65,000 registered to tell how they are going to vote. Most of them, eager to tell in former years, bitterly resented the inquiry. Are they for Coolidge and ashamed to admit it, or are they concealing a startling new alliance? The politicians can give you no clue. They are as much at sea as anybody.

Everywhere the organizations are functioning so badly as to be almost laughable. You ask a clerk in the Missouri headquarters, with election only three weeks away, how things are going. He stretches, suppresses a yawn, and says: "I wish they'd *begin* the campaign!" Republican big business has considerably lost its grip in this contest. There is nothing that remotely suggests the machine efficiency of Platt, Quay, and Hanna. Frantic efforts to raise money the Republicans are making. It will do them little good, for they are without means of using it effectively. Since the La Follette revolt in the dangerous States is so largely agrarian they cannot use the money to buy votes in "blocks of fives" as in former years. The Democrats are still more inefficient—if that be possible. In many places they do not function at all. Their candidate arouses only the enthusiasm one feels for an able, attractive attorney picked to conduct a lawsuit. That is not altogether his fault. The issues given to him could make no one enthusiastic, and, as I have said before, it is fatal to be a middle-of-the-roader. His growing friendliness to La Follette and Wheeler must in part be due to the ever present possibility that the election will go into Congress. His *entourage* on his trips believes, I am told, that La Follette will carry ten States and that Davis will win in the House.

As for the Progressives, if they do not carry Kansas and Michigan it will be their own fault. Their machine is no better than the others, save that its workers are not old party hacks but often enthusiasts who take their leader and his doctrine to their hearts. Their machine has not functioned because it has never been properly assembled; their motor is not even in low gear. Thousands thirst for information, for the words of the prophet—in vain.

As for the groups, it is a bloc, almost a class campaign —we will surely have a straight-out class fight four years hence if the Coolidge government by and for plutocracy continues. The farmers, the labor groups, the Jewish, the Catholic, the German, the K. K. K., the Negro, the Wall Street, the Scandinavian, all of them are thinking, reacting, and moving as groups—but not each group alike in all sections.

The Negroes in Maryland and Indiana are drifting to Davis; in the Northwest and Central States their defection from Coolidge is slight. The Jews who are successful in business are for Coolidge without regard to the Klan; elsewhere they are moving to the liberals. The Germans are 90 per cent for La Follette in some districts and 60 per cent in others. Naturally conservative, the cry of dangerous radicalism is moving them back to the Republicans. Surprisingly many Catholics are ardently for La Follette. Even where high-church dignitaries have let it be known that they oppose it, Catholic teachers, lawyers, doctors, and business men are working for La Follette. As everyone knows, the farmers are not a unit, because the farming situation varies so greatly in different sections. Reliable farm organizers and workers report that great sections of farmers closed their minds on the Presidential issue months ago, just as soon as Senator La Follette was nominated.

This is especially true of Iowa. The lifting of not a single finger was required to win these votes. They came over spontaneously, these farmers, and then forgot about politics! Nothing has impressed these organizers and me more than the knowledge and understanding of great groups of farmers. In Iowa the credit for this belongs largely to Dante Pierce and his *Iowa Homestead*. But elsewhere the spread of the gospel has recalled to me what Booker Washington used to tell me of the uncanny,

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the mysterious, the inexplicable "grape-vine telegraph" among the Negroes, which carries within forty-eight hours to the remotest plantations word of anything important to the welfare of the colored race. This La Follette movement has gone similarly in sections where there is no press to represent it. The hearts of the masses *are* ready. I cannot doubt it, for I have spoken to hundreds and I shall never forget their eagerness for facts, facts, and facts.

So the campaign closes—the prologue, howe'er it ends, to great acts and great convulsions. As the John Brown raid was the curtain-raiser in 1859, so is this the peaceful curtain-raiser in 1924—the long struggle from Bull Run to Appomattox is just ahead.

Shipstead Tells Some Stories

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

IN Chicago I encounter Senator Shipstead. He has just returned from a speaking trip that took him to the Pacific Coast. He assures me that at Portland, in Oregon, by 8:30 in the evening the doors had to be closed to the hall in which he made a speech for La Follette, and there were six thousand people inside. He assures me that in Seattle, in order to prevent the hall from being overwhelmed, it was necessary to print notices in the papers to tell people who had radios to stay at home and hear the speech for La Follette and let the people without radios come to the hall.

In all this he is not speaking about himself but about La Follette. La Follette, according to Senator Shipstead, has an awful lot of folks with him in the Northwest.

I tell the Senator that I hear he had an altercation with Billy Sunday on a train. He admits that such was the case. It appears, according to what I have heard, that Billy Sunday came into the smoking compartment of the observation car and introduced himself and sat down opposite the Senator and in the presence and within the hearing of all the other passengers in the smoking compartment began to rebuke the Senator for joining La Follette in tearing down the Constitution and in taking orders from Moscow. It appears, I tell the Senator, that after Billy Sunday had done this for ten or fifteen minutes he shook his fist under Billy Sunday's nose and told him to "shut up" every time he tried to speak again during the next ten or fifteen minutes, during which the Senator, as I understand, explained that Moscow had nothing to do with it and that he, Billy Sunday, was a fine follower of the Carpenter of Nazareth and doubtless would have sided with the money changers when they got canned from the temple.

The Senator intimates that at least some of this awful scene did take place and exhibits the fist which brought the first known silence to Billy Sunday. He adds: "Then the passengers asked me to make them a speech in the auditorium—so to speak—of the observation car; and meanwhile there was a poll of the passengers; and all but two of them were for La Follette. Billy Sunday got on the wrong train."

"What do they like to hear?" said I. "Oh, well," said the Senator, "it's no good being technical all the time. It's much better to get down to the simple facts of the matter. Now there's the bee. I get on quite well talking about the bee. You see, in the spring the bee becomes radical and thinks of going off away from the hive to some hollow tree in the woods. The queen bee gets up in the air and the bee voter thinks of following. Then out comes the bee-keeper and beats a tin pan. He make a frightfully loud noise with it. He talks about the Constitution. The bee is thinking of the hollow tree. Then he explains to the bee that hollow trees in woods are not among our institutions. Bee hives are. Did the bee ever live in a hollow tree? Hasn't he always lived in a hive? Did he ever know a respectable bee that lived in a hollow tree? Thus the bee-keeper argues with the bee and keeps on beating on the tin pan.

"The bee, however, still shows signs of intending to go away. The bee remembers that all the previous summers he worked hard and then in the fall the bee-keeper came and took away almost all the honey he had made, leaving him just enough, just barely enough, for the winter. He remembers that this has happened to him each summer and each fall and each winter for a long time and that every spring he had used up all the honey that had been left to him and was obliged to go to work again either for the bee-keeper or for himself. In all previous years he has gone back to work again for the bee-keeper. This year he is absolutely determined to go to work for himself. He is determined to go to that hollow tree.

"Then the bee-keeper brings out his last argument. He brings out some sugar water. He sprinkles the sugar water around the bee. He raises the price of wheat. He raises the price of corn. He raises the price of hogs. He sprinkles the sugar water for the time being all around the bee.

"Then he says to the bee: 'Are you not prosperous? Look at the prices of all these things. Aren't they splendid? How can you think of a hollow tree? Think of all this sugar water right near the hive. Can you think of leaving this abode of luxury?'

"Then the bee is puzzled. Shall he go to the hollow tree and work for himself all the time or shall he stay in the hive and have sugar water at swarming time? I put it to you fairly and coolly and without passion. It is the issue—Republican and Democratic sugar water at election time or your own honey, all of it, in your own tree.

"I get on quite well with that bee. He makes things simple. People like him."

"But are they more interested in domestic economic questions or in foreign questions?" I asked.

"On that point," replied the Senator, "some people think I'm crazy, but I say foreign questions.

"I talk about the man who had a fight with another man and knocked him down and got him unconscious and went through his pockets and took his money and his watch and then went home. Then he summoned his neighbors about him and said: "I am for peace. I am an idealist. Our unconscious friend may come to. He may want his watch back. Let us form a league of neighbors; then if he tries to commit an act of aggression and tries to take his watch out of my pocket, we will knock him unconscious again and have a peaceful community. They get that. They don't know anything about this league protocol that you write about. They understand the main point. They understand the league of neighbors.

"And I find them more interested," concludes the Senator, "in the world situation than in anything else."

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Be Brisk With Babbitt

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

IV. What Mr. Schnaufknabel Thinks

THE man whom I interviewed after Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Riesling, and Mr. McKelvey is unknown to glory. I had once known him as a garage mechanic, but he is now a foreman in the Zenith Steel and Machinery Company. His name is Schnaufknabel, August Schnaufknabel.

"Me?" said Mr. Schnaufknabel, when approached by Our Representative, "I'm going to vote for Coolidge, you can bet your sweet life on that!"

"But don't you think La Follette is much more pro-labor than Coolidge, and you take such an interest in labor unionism——"

"Used to, you mean. I've cut that out. That stuff was all right when I was on the jump changing tires or running my fool head off looking for monkey-wrenches for you fellows, but now I've got a job with some responsibility and a future to it, and I've got no time to waste looking out for the interests of a lot of lazy bums that are too inefficient to get on by themselves. I used to fall for this solidarity junk, but that was when I was a kid, and now— Why, say, here in couple more years I'll be able to strike out with a garage of my own, and I'll have men working for me, and suppose I want them pulling a lot of union talk on me?"

"So you've gone back——"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say. Nobody so strong for labor loyalty as a lot of you New York arm-chair liberals that never did a stroke of work in your lives and that couldn't wedge into even the Sandwichmen's Union. No, sir; I've got myself and my family to look out for, and Coolidge represents the kind of conservative enterprise that a man who's making a success of things ought to stand for. Then another thing," concluded Mr. August Schnaufknabel. "La Follette is sympathetic toward the Germans, and that's one thing that makes me hostyle. I'd have been in the war, if I hadn't had a family to support, and I hate any man who's so dumb he doesn't realize what devils all these Germans are."

V. Coolidge is "Almighty Careful"

I found Mr. Vergil Gunch, past-president of the Boosters' Club and Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in a snug corner of the Zenith Athletic Club, on a cozy settle of green-stained oak with a jolly colored-glass window let into the high back. He greeted me with breezy affability:

"I'll tell you how I feel. I feel that Cal is a fellow that takes his time before he makes a judgment and weighs all sides of a question. He never goes off half-cocked. He may not be as showy as Davis or Lodge or Volstead, but he's almighty careful, and that's what we need in times like these."

VI. "If I Could Make People Realize——"

Seneca Doane is a lawyer who has at once the worst reputation and the best reputation in Zenith. He is called a "dangerous radical," yet the wealthy cannot get along without him in criminal and divorce cases. It was he who got Sam Dodsworth's daughter her divorce from the bogus Vicomte de Montigny without having to pay that delightful almost-nobleman a cent of blackmail, and he who, within the year, was without fee defending the impoverished labor union which Sam Dodsworth had been fighting. He is a veteran single-taxer; a friend in old times to Golden Rule Jones, Tom Johnson, Horace Traubel, and Prince Kropotkin.

When I had seen him three years before, he had looked tired. A sense of the futility in all politics had enervated him; he was thinking of roaming round the world; of losing himself in Java or Italy.

I had trouble in finding him. He was not at his office, not at home. He would be, they informed me, at La Follette headquarters. But there I had to wait half an hour to see him, so many were the callers, so many the telephone messages. I found a new Doane.

He had the placidity which comes less from loafing than from exhilarating work. His eyes were gay, his voice gusty.

"We're going to do it!" he cried. "If we don't elect La Follette this time, we'll elect a Progressive candidate four years from now. I'm not talking propaganda; I mean it! And I think there's an incredibly good chance of electing La Follette right now. You see, a lot of cautious business men and careful workmen, who don't talk about it for fear people won't think they belong to the Conservative Church, are going to sneak out and vote for La Follette. It'll be as much of a surprise result as the last general election in Great Britain, when people woke up to Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin. There's a magnetic heroism in La Follette, and it's only because we're all so sheep-like that more of us don't come out and shout for him.

"I'm enjoying this campaign—Lord, how I'm enjoying it! It's the first political fight since Tom Johnson's that has seemed to me not merely a throwing of lots between two puppets. I worked for the Committee of Forty-Eight, of course, and I admired the members, but that never seemed to me an authentic, spontaneous movement coming from the people—it was an artificial enthusiasm with too much intellection and too little blood and sweat. I wish I had a thousand tongues, so I could tell the whole country what the La Follette campaign means—the breaking up of the dry, hard rind that's encased our hearts all these years! If I could make people realize——"

VII. "See How I Mean?"

On the train east, I talked to the news-butcher. He wasn't one of the breed of blatting youngsters but a seasoned, professionally good-natured man of forty-five.

"Of course you're working for La Follette," I said.

"Well—" He scratched his chin. "I dunno. I haven't thought much about it yet. I'll tell you. I figure I got a lot of responsibility here on my job, and I tend to my business and let the fellows that understand politics tend to them."

"And that's how people may let Coolidge slip in," I reflected.

"Well, now look here. Don't know as that would be so bad, at that. I'll tell you. Maybe you never thought about this, but the way I've figured it out is:

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"Coolidge is a man that maybe he isn't as showy as a lot of fellows that a man like me that's in the magazine business keeps reading about—birds like Ford and Sam Gompers and Nicholas Murray Butler and John Roach Straton and Frank Crane and Billy Sunday. *But* he's mighty careful; he looks at all sides of a question and takes his time before he makes a decision. Maybe that's something you never thought of. Oh, I don't believe in going off half-cocked. If I've been able to get along as good as I have by industry and knowing which kind of detective-story magazines different kinds of traveling men will buy—and believe me I ain't done so badly; we got a flivver at home and a new radio set and the Cross-Word Puzzle Book—why, I guess there's nothing wrong with prosperity and the way the two old parties have run things. I don't see any reason for getting all het up over La Follette. Trouble with a lot of you fellows is you don't think things over; see how I mean?"

Then to the brakeman I hinted:

"Working for La Follette?"

"You bet! He's the only candidate except Bill Foster that knows people like me are anything but machines done up in uniforms," said the brakeman.

So I came back from Zenith.

New Morals for Old

On Love in Marriage

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

UTOPIA is the loveliest of all countries; it is also the farthest away. One may make magnificent generalizations concerning the future of the relations of the sexes; one may set down truths that are theoretically unanswerable. Only one will change nothing, help not a single soul. Let me cling to a few humble facts. . . .

So far as anyone can see the habit of one man living with one woman will persist. The young will hear of nothing else, since they are under the sway of romantic passion which is, subjectively, exclusive and final; those who are older will hear of nothing else because experience has shown this method of life capable of securing the healthiest freedom from preoccupation with sex and the maximum amount of ordered activity. To be a rake or even a fastidious "varietist" is the costliest of occupations. Rational monogamy is in no danger. The trouble lies elsewhere; it lies in the fact that current notions of monogamy are, I use the word advisedly, insane.

Local bill-board advertisements of motion pictures have recently shown a ball-room in which an irate gentleman in evening-dress grasped the shoulder of another gentleman who looked crushed and crest-fallen. With an inimitable gesture of moral indignation the first gentleman pointed to a quivering female on the other side of the room. The caption of this stirring lithograph was "His Forgotten Wife." The exquisite absurdity of this picture is clear. It is significant of the way in which we are all brow-beaten by the sodden nonsense of the tribe that it took me some minutes of reflection to come upon the unreason of the thing. If the crushed-looking gentleman had forgotten the lady, she was not, of course, his wife and could never have truly been. If we are dealing with a euphemism and are to understand that he wanted to forget her, she may once have been his wife, but had, quite obviously, ceased to be.

In this motion picture there is illustrated what I call the insane view of monogamic marriage, namely, that it is put on like a shirt or a coat and must be kept on however ill-fitting, comfortless, unclean, or dangerous, and that in this mere keeping on there is virtue. There is the further implication that marriage has nothing to do with good behavior, which is rewarded even in penitentiaries, or with ill; that it is, indeed, an abstract kind of fate, a magical or infernal machine, a metaphysical trap. Once you are caught in it, you must stay caught. To wriggle is sin.

Do I seem to be discussing the matter on too low a plane? I wish I were. The truth is that cultivated and liberal people have not yet freed their minds from the concepts with which that amusing picture deals. It is in action, not in fire-side talk, that these things are tested. And it is true that even such people will pay an uninhibited respect to a depraved character, cruel, treacherous, stupid, who practices that moving-picture theory of marriage which, in ways no less real for being subtle and but half-conscious, they will be tempted to withhold from a person of the utmost spiritual grace and charm who practices that kind of marriage of which, theoretically and outspokenly, they so eloquently approve.

This very tentative argument, then, is not directed against marriage. I am not even ready to plead—that would be Utopian—that the relations of the sexes be withdrawn from social control. Our first step, at least in America, must be an attempt to sanitate marriage. This can be done—if it can be done at all—by relating marriage and its practice to certain notions of good and decency and honor that already have a tenure, however feeble, upon the public consciousness. Marriage, in brief, should be held to be created by love and sustained by love. I shall, of course, be accused of meaning passion. I mean that precise blending of passion and spiritual harmony and solid friendship without which, as even those who will not admit it know, the close association of a man and a woman is as disgusting as it is degrading. And marriage should be dependent, though this matter is included in the first, on good behavior. I will not keep a man or a woman as my friend whom I discover to be a liar, slanderer, thief. Much less ought one to keep such a person as husband or wife. Who is to judge, it will be asked? No objective judgment is needed. A subjective conviction on a point of this sort suffices to reduce the union in question to dust and ashes.

Here is the one practical point; here the one possibility of hope. To frame a rational theory of the relations of men and women is easy and agreeable. The very fashioners of such theories, being human, will be brought, under the discomforts of social pressure, to *seem* to assent to all that their minds most passionately deny. A man or a woman of the highest philosophic insight will struggle through the

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ignominy of the divorce courts not so much in order to dissolve a meaningless legal bond as to save someone whom he or she loves and reveres from the criticism of the vulgar. For we live in a vulgar world. There is no safe and ultimate escape; its vulgarity in precisely these matters will often affront us where we least expected it. To mitigate that vulgarity must be our first task.

I do not know whether it can be done at all. But if so, then it must be done by making an unhappy union disgraceful. People who are always bickering with each other, who are obviously unhappy in each other's presence, who always hold opinions acridly opposed, who are always trying either subtly or obviously to escape from each other—such couples must fall under social disapproval. And this disapproval must apply even though one of the two prefers possessiveness to either happiness or decency or self-respect. Similarly those who are deliberately unfaithful should be disgraced—not for the act of unfaith but for the hypocrisy of remaining in a union which that very act, which the temptation to that very act, shows to have lost its purpose and its meaning.

This sort of social control is not my ideal. Love is like religion, a matter for the individual soul. To change partners in love is very much like changing one's opinion on some deep and vital matter. The spirit must bear its own inherent witness. But I promised myself not to be Utopian. And may it not conceivably be brought home to a few people to begin with that the men who laugh so spontaneously when the song-and-dance man sings "My wife's gone to the country, hurray, hurray!" are leading immoral lives and reducing their partners to the role of disagreeable prostitutes and unsatisfactory servants?

I am not prepared to stress the point unendurably. True marriage, the true and lovely union of a man and a woman, body and spirit, is rare. But today it is not even an ideal, not even something admired and striven for. Love in itself is rare and married love is perhaps as rare as beauty or genius. Happiness, too, is rare, happiness in any relation. But even as a man or a woman has made an obvious and shattering mistake if his or her chosen work does not produce a reasonable minimum of lasting inner satisfaction, so may marriage also be tested by a reasonable minimum of lasting—let us say, preference and blessedness. To fall below that minimum is to cheat both the self and society, both the present and posterity, to sacrifice honor to a fetish and vitality to decay.

What Is Wheeler?

By R. A. HASTE

MONTANA is the third largest State in the Union. It is large in every way—it is long, wide, and high. It is filled to the lid with natural resources. It has gold, oil, and coal. It is one of the potential agricultural regions of the world and it has water power enough to run the machinery of half a continent. Having all these things it is not strange that it sent to Washington as United States senators two men who have within the last year challenged the attention and the admiration of the nation for their fearless exposure of corruption in governmental administration.

It is my purpose to give a somewhat close view of the junior member of this senatorial firm of Walsh and Wheeler, who, as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the Progressive ticket, with Robert M. La Follette is occupying a conspicuous niche in the public mind.

Why is Wheeler? What forces conspired to place this young man in the forefront of national affairs? What is the basis of that subtle appeal to the masses which brings out tens of thousands to hear him speak? What are the influences that have contributed to produce him?

Wheeler is of New England stock. He was born in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument and spent his matured years in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. It is the opinion of this writer that the influence of Bunker Hill monument and the Rocky Mountains on Wheeler's character and career was in direct proportion to their size. After completing his law course in the University of Michigan he went West and opened a law office in Butte, Montana. Although the boy was born in Massachusetts the man was made in Montana. As in the old days the Southern Pacific Railroad dominated the affairs of California, so the Anaconda Copper Mining Company dominated the financial and political affairs of Montana. Arrogant, domineering, ruthless, the minions of that great company challenged the right of any man who entered the State to interfere with their sacred right of eminent domain. They expected every young lawyer who came within the precincts of their realm to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that Thrift might follow fawning." But young Wheeler was not made of servile stuff. His clients were the common men bent with toil and whitened by sunless days spent in the bowels of the copper hills. He championed their cause.

It soon became apparent to the management of the copper company and its allied interests that this young lawyer, with the Boston accent, might become troublesome unless he were taken into camp. He was therefore nominated and elected to the State Legislature as the best means of controlling his restless activities. But he flatly refused to wear a copper collar.

This was in 1910. Thomas J. Walsh was a candidate for the United States Senate. The Legislature was Democratic, but Walsh was not in favor with the "Company" and a deadlock resulted which was not broken until the last minute of the last hour of the session, when Henry L. Myers —a company satellite—was elected. Throughout this long and bitter fight Wheeler stood by Walsh.

In 1912 Wheeler was a candidate for Attorney-General but was beaten in convention by half a vote by the "Company" forces. Walsh, however, was elected to the United States Senate, and on taking his seat secured the appointment of Wheeler as United States Attorney for Montana.

Wheeler is a born prosecutor; all crooks looked alike to him. It made no difference whether he found them running a fake insurance company with the connivance of high State officials or tampering with a jury; whether they were guilty of branding a maverick or wrecking a bank—to him they were on a level before the grand juries and in the court.

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Then came the war and its hysteria of hate. Wheeler refused to prostitute his public office to the demands of private vengeance and the opposition burst into flame. A resolution demanding the resignation of the United States Attorney was introduced in the Legislature but failed of passage. Then the Council of Defense, headed by a "hunter of home Huns," summoned Wheeler before them, but like Pilate they found nothing wrong with this man.

The first term of Senator Walsh was nearing its end. He was a candidate for reelection. Notice was served on him that he must sacrifice Wheeler or suffer defeat. To save Walsh, Wheeler resigned. The Administration offered him a federal judgeship but he declined it, preferring to fight the battle to a finish before the people of Montana.

In 1920 he was nominated in the Democratic primaries for Governor, and after one of the most bitterly contested campaigns in the State he was defeated in the Republican landslide that swept Harding into office. This proved a most fortunate event—it left the way open for Wheeler to stand for the Senate two years later, when he was elected by the largest majority ever given to a Democrat in the history of the State.

During the gubernatorial campaign of 1920 his record as United States Attorney was viciously attacked. He was accused of failure to prosecute the I. W. W. and others accused under the espionage laws. Two years later when he was a candidate for the Senate an attempt was made to revive this propaganda, but it was cut short by a letter from Federal Judge George M. Bourquin of the district of Montana, who as trial judge was familiar with all the facts during those turbulent times:

> I regret to hear that there is a revival of the unfounded charges that while United States Attorney you refused to prosecute persons guilty of sedition. The truth, as evidenced by the records of this court, is that you prosecuted many charged with that offense, most of whom, with no reproach to you, were not indicted by the grand jury or were found not guilty either by direction of the court or by the will of the trial jury. The times were favorable for loose, unfounded, and trivial charges of that character, many of them inspired by malice and for personal ends. Indeed a grand jury in this court refusing indictments on such charges finds in its formal report that before it such charges had been presented seeking private vengeance and private ends. A competent prosecutor will always refuse to conduct such prosecutions—refuse to prosecute; and in so far as you did so, it was with the sanction if not direction of this court in furtherance of sound public policy, and in vindication of your official oath and duty to yourself, to the court, and to society. You will remember you declined a like statement from me in the fall of 1918, and I make it now with no object but simple justice to an able, diligent, and conscientious prosecutor in a most trying period of our country's history.
>
> GEORGE M. BOURQUIN

On November 9, 1922, Judge Bourquin wrote Wheeler, congratulating him on his election to the Senate:

> In your election to the federal Senate I congratulate you and the people of the State and nation. I hope and believe that your service therein will redound to your credit and the people's benefit.
>
> Apropos of certain litigation of 1917, you were right—that "they" would "get" you, and I was right that if they did it would contribute much to your future advancement.
>
> GEORGE M. BOURQUIN

Judge Bourquin is a Republican, and among federal judges ranks with Amidon of North Dakota, Kenyon of Iowa, and Anderson of Massachusetts. The Republican press, however, still publishes the stories so completely refuted by the judge of the court before which Wheeler conducted his prosecutions before and during the period of the war.

Digging Up Carthage

By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

IT is almost sunset, and very still. Bou Kernein, the two-horned sacred mountain of Baal, floats in a soft gray-blue haze beyond the more turquoise waters of the Bay of Tunis, and long shadows lie across the slopes of grass and rubble where once stood the great city of Carthage. Among broken columns and huge crumbling blocks of masonry an Arab goatherd is driving home his flock. That dark grotesque mound in the thickening dusk is a camel lying down, and nearby a Bedouin woman and child in rags peer out from their shelter in an old Roman cistern.

Of Carthage, the proud Phoenician trading city of almost a million, whose merchant-princes ventured the farthest seas, buying tin from the natives of Britain and ivory from the Guinea coast, whose wealth and power dominated the Mediterranean and terrified the young strength of Rome; of Carthage rebuilt after her destruction, to take a place of importance in the Roman Empire and become the home of martyrs and stronghold of the early Christian Church; of Byzantine Carthage; Vandal Carthage; of the early settlement of the Egyptians before Dido came; of all the great civilizations that down through the centuries have piled their temples and palaces on that sloping ground beside the Bay of Tunis, nothing apparently remains. A few heaps of stones, perhaps, a few fragments of marble shafts, and inscriptions—just enough to show that they were really historic fact and not a rumor and a dream.

But go back to these fields and hillsides by broad daylight. Dust and clamor, a scene as lively as an ant heap! Some seventy or eighty lean, brown-turbaned Arabs are busily at work, digging, carrying stones, sifting dirt, under the direction of sun-helmeted, putteed, active Europeans. Modern archeology has discovered Carthage.

The finds now being made are of a sort to capture the most hardened imagination. Not only because of the hundreds of centuries of history and the pot pourri of races represented, but, most especially, because the work is revealing a strange civilization, showing the life and customs of a people about whom almost nothing has previously been known. How often small boys and girls being drilled in ancient history must have wondered why descriptions of Roman ways and manners, photographs of Roman coins and vases and ruins, filled ad nauseam the pages of their books, but never a picture and scarcely a word about that brave and romantic city that produced Hamilcar of the oath of vengeance, and Hannibal of the elephants, picturesque in victory and defeat. "Carthago delenda est" was allowed to cover everything. The main reason for this conspiracy of silence was ignorance. Until today historians have had almost no material on the everyday life of the ancient Carthaginians.

It was fifty years ago that Pere Delattre of the Roman Catholic order of the White Fathers of Africa started excavation in the ruins of Carthage. Most archeologists then thought that he would have only his labor for his pains.

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His problem was made especially difficult by the drift of desert sand which has engulfed all the remains, sometimes to a depth of fifty or sixty feet. Practically single-handed he carried on work for years, and he was rewarded by remarkable finds, which included many tombs of the old Carthaginian period, several Christian basilicas, and a Roman amphitheatre. Today Pere Delattre is a great and picturesque figure in the archeological world. Now over eighty, white-bearded and impressive, with a string of honors after his name, and a depth of archeological knowledge that is recognized by fellow scientists everywhere, he keeps the tireless eagerness and live enthusiasm of youth for the work in which he was the pioneer.

Stimulated by Pere Delattre's discoveries, other archeologists entered the field, and five years ago work was begun on a large scale. Already there has been revealed much material on those people of mystery, the Carthaginians. Living witness to their reported practice of human sacrifice has been found in the Temple of Tanit, with hundreds of urns containing the bones of children between four and twelve, burnt alive to the greater glory of the moon goddess Tanit and the sun god Baal Ammon. A glimpse of a few of these little bones makes one begin to sympathize with the Hebrew prophets, in their most violent fulminations against Baal! Votive tablets placed above the urns bear a regular form of inscription: "To the divinity Tanit, Face of Baal, and to the Lord Baal Ammon, a votive offering made by ——, son of ——, because he has heard the voice of the goddess, blessed be she."

The Carthaginians are proved to be an unusually luxurious people, as well as an unusually bloody one. Gold bracelets, necklaces, and other trinkets are found of a gorgeously barbaric type, and fragments of delicate rainbow glass and beads. Bronze razors and nail scissors, bronze mirrors, ivory hairpins, perfume bottles, rouge pots, and ivory eyebrow sticks—all these suggest the intricacies of a present-day toilet. An amazingly advanced material civilization is shown by such small remains as a little terra cotta model of a figure playing a very modern looking organ, and the discovery of a bona fide pair of spectacles.

That, in spite of their frequent love of crude color and heavy simple form, these Semitic trader-princes had some feeling for beauty, as Greece conceived it—a thing of exquisite restraint and quiet perfection—is shown by the recently unearthed high-relief figure of the priestess Arisatbaal. She stands easily, with dignity, quietly waiting; her garments fold about her like a sheath, strangely suggesting a flower bud not yet unfurled; and the face framed by the almost Egyptian headdress has a soft, still, cruel loveliness.

In the most recent excavation, stones have been found of such apparent importance that the leading living authority on Punic inscriptions has come from Paris especially to decipher them; and all signs point to discoveries of more and greater interest, until the Semitic Carthage whose intimate life has long been a blank on the page of history will be as well known as any other great civilization of the time.

Recent work has also revealed many remains from other periods of Carthaginian history—often neatly arranged in chronological layers, as if for the special edification of the ignorant. The Roman period is notably represented, not only by ruins of theaters, temples, baths, and villas (with the lead pipes of their plumbing still intact), and by large mosaic floors in a remarkably perfect state of preservation, but by relics of the early Christian Church such as cannot be duplicated in any other region of the world. Nowhere else do there still exist basilicas, tombs, and statues from such an early period of Christian history as those preserved here under the drifting sands of North Africa.

With the Count de Prorok, who is in charge of the digging, are gathered archeologists of some dozen nationalities, and a School of Archeology has been opened at Sidi-bou-Said near Carthage, so that the scientists of all countries may enjoy the unique opportunity to study at one spot relics from almost every civilization which has ever been of importance in the Mediterranean basin.

Sonnet to Minna

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Your face becomes colossal when your lips
Remove the small proportions with a throng
Of words that move the wounds of thought and song
To rise above sobrieties and quips.
Your healed and widened features leave the earth;
Your eyes are torches that devour time;
Your cheeks and forehead melt away and climb
Into a mountainous and mystic birth.

Stay with me in the throes and merriments
Of living, and revise your face until
It shrinks once more with freighted love and hate.
Life is a drill of dooms and spent intents
That slay their compensations when the skill
Of flesh no longer strides within their fate.

In the Driftway

PARIS has become a passion with Americans. They mutter dreamily of wandering over the Ile St. Louis at dawn or of sitting in the Luxembourg at sunset or walking along the Seine after dark; they discourse of Barsac and Chablis, of onion soup and wild strawberries (giving always the French names for these, of course), of the Odéon and the Beaux Arts, of boulevards and stone-floored rooms and the Place de la Concorde. Now the Drifter yields to no one in his delight in the grace and loveliness or the picturesque squalor of Paris; to him the sight of a gleaming brass spigot in a courtyard with moss growing between the cobblestones and a bust of Racine to set off the whole is a sight to make the heart leap; he never tires of watching the beggars along the river lying on potato sacks as they drink their red wine, and wash their clothes and scratch themselves slowly, doggedly, without ceasing and without complaint. Paris he loves, yet he objects to the wild eye, the sweeping gesture, the maundering tone with which most Americans dwell on its beauties. And more than all, he objects to the way, in extolling Paris, they at the same time slight London.

* * * * *

TO the Drifter, London is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. He knows full well the chorus of protest that will becloud the day and roll thickly off upon the ocean at such a theory. "London!" he hears; "but it is so dirty and full of people and smoke and smells and black alleys

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and gasoline motors. London, indeed!" Cheerfully he admits each one of these strictures and at the same time will defend his stand with his last breath. London, in spite of the dirt and smoke and the smell of beer and tobacco, and the electric signs that are rivaling those of New York, and the black-stained brick and stone of its buildings, is nevertheless to him supremely beautiful. This is partly because power is beauty; no one will deny London's power: it moves with a deep, steady, irresistible roar, as distinguished from the staccato energy of New York; it is partly because memory is beauty, and there is hardly a place name that is not associated in some way with the common past of England and America, and hardly a street, at least in the City itself, without at least one house that is historically memorable.

* * * * *

LONDON is old and has been great for many centuries; it has the poise and the confidence that age gives. If it has, in its slums, street after street whose only characteristic is a hideous and depressing monotony, it has also the Inns of Court—the Temple and Lincoln's Inn Fields—and fifty other gracious squares with plane trees four feet through to shade the pedestrian at noon; it has—but there is really no need of enumerating further. The Drifter knows that he will not be listened to; he knows that the air is full of sighs about the Tuileries and the Left Bank and the *pot-au-feu* at M. Procope's. For his part, he would like nothing better than to see Trafalgar Square in the rain, as it so often is, or to lie in the grass in Hyde Park and watch the sheep walk quietly from one square yard of thick turf to the next.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

La Follette and the Courts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One reason for the confusion in the public mind concerning the proposal to enable Congress to override by vote a decision of the Supreme Court holding congressional legislation unconstitutional is because the work of the Supreme Court in exercising this function is somewhat misunderstood. The present proposal is by no means a new one. Roosevelt, with his demand for the recall of judicial decisions, went much further.

The objection of certain forces in this country to the uncontrolled power of the courts over legislation has been connected primarily with decisions nullifying social or economic legislation on the ground that it violated "due process of law"—decisions nulifying the ten-hour bakeshop law in New York, the Kansas and federal law prohibiting discrimination against members of trade unions, the Washington law concerning employment agencies, the District of Columbia minimum-wage law for women. In the interpretation of so vague a phrase as "due process of law" the judges of the court, as pointed out by Chief Justice Taft in his dissenting opinion in the minimum-wage case, invoke their own social and economic views as against the social and economic views of the majority of the legislature. It is this power which the La Follette proposal desires to curtail, but in so doing it may be that the proposal is too broad in its effects. Were it confined to curtailing the power of the court to declare Congressional legislation unconstitutional on the "due process" ground, it would but restore the court to the power it exercised without thought of expansion down to 1868.

The provision of the Fifth Amendment that *Congress* shall deprive no person of his life, liberty, or property without "due process of law" was designed to prevent unlawful *procedure*, and was so regarded by the Supreme Court down to about 1885. The like provision of the Fourteenth Amendment, including "equal protection," limiting *State* legislatures, was designed for the protection of the Negro; but it was construed as broad enough to protect all classes against arbitrary proceedings taking away life, liberty, or property. The rate-making statutes led to a wider extension of the court's power in the interpretation of "due process." In the Munn case in 1876, when Illinois passed a law preventing any higher than a two-cent rate for grain elevators, Chief Justice Waite considered the claim that the rate was confiscatory as a State political question for the people to settle at the polls. In another case, some fourteen years later, the court reversed this conclusion, and ever since the court has assumed a revisory power over all State police-power legislation restraining the freedom of the individual, not merely to supervise its procedural correctness, but also its substantive agreement with the court's views of what is right and proper. It must be said that in many cases, especially in the period between 1905 and 1914, the Supreme Court has been more liberal in sustaining State legislation than have the State courts themselves, but such a result depends altogether upon the personal and economic views of the majority of the court at any particular moment. The centralizing power over all State legislation thus exercised by the court has enabled the views of a few men on social and economic questions to prevail over those of legislators throughout the country. Though on the whole the power of nullification has been sparingly used, it is nevertheless a very great power, and the agitation to limit it has been growing for many years.

The La Follette proposal embraces only a narrow part of the court's power, namely, that over legislation of *Congress*, but it is not confined to police-power legislation. Congress passes only a limited amount of legislation which invites challenge under the "due process" clause. The minimum-wage case, the Adair case prohibiting discrimination against members of trade unions, illustrate this legislation. Were Congress given the power to reenact such legislation over the court's veto, probably no great harm would be done. Mr. Justice Holmes has said that he did not think that "the United States would come to an end" if the court lost its "power to declare an act of Congress void." On ordinary police-power legislation the economic views of the members of Congress are probably entitled to as much weight as those of the members of the court.

But there are parts of the Constitution which should be left to the final and conclusive interpretation of the Supreme Court. Those clauses which lay down the lines of competence between the federal government and the States need one centralizing interpreter, in order that neither federal government nor State may invade the jurisdiction of the other. The States are by the Constitution assured a certain amount of local autonomy. The interstate commerce clause, perhaps more than any other, has welded us into one nation. It would be dangerous, I believe, to deprive the court of its judicial control over legislation, whether State or federal, which is challenged as overstepping the line of demarcation between the two governments. The guaranties of individual liberty against legislation by Congress in the first eight amendments are fairly clear, and little opportunity for dispute has arisen because of the court's power over legislation involving these amendments—exclusive of the fifth, relating to "due process." The real subject for debate is the propriety of making the court the final and conclusive interpreter of such a nebulous phrase as "due process of law" in connection with social and economic legislation under the police power. It is probable that the present agitation will exercise a restraining influence on the courts against holding such legislation, whether State or federal, unconstitutional.

New Haven, Connecticut, October 17 EDWIN BORCHARD
Professor of Law, Yale University

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"Our Despotic Courts"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. La Follette wants to amend the Constitution so that an act of Congress, held void, shall take effect if passed a second time. I do not criticize him for "assaulting" an instrument which has been so many times amended with general approval. But would the change be so slight as your article headed "Our Despotic Courts" suggests? Take the child-labor and white-slave laws. Would you want Congress to confine itself, as hitherto, to punishing the innocent acts of transporting across a State line an article made in a factory where a child has worked or a woman with intent that she shall on a later occasion do something immoral? Did a State legislature ever deal with burglary by punishing going from one town to another after committing a burglary or riding in a taxi on the way to commit one?

The only way to prohibit effectively or justly is to prohibit directly. Will not Congress, on the plea that its new power was given to be used when needed, deem it a right and a duty to make its laws just and effective by directly forbidding child labor and the traffic in women? Will not the public sentiment that has put the amendment through demand it of them?

This would be all to the good so far as it led Congress to act forthrightly and thoroughly instead of, as now, by reaching through the commerce clause around a corner. But if the foes of child labor would welcome the La Follette plan, so would those who want to proscribe the Roman Church, to forbid criticism, to loosen up the Eighteenth Amendment, to have national control of education, and especially the people who, now that the Commerce Commission has found that the railroads are worth nearly twenty billions, want the government to take them or fix their rates on the basis of the lowest sum that seems decent to a majority in Congress.

Suppose Congress tomorrow decrees that *The Nation*, when sent beyond New York, shall sell at five cents. You continue to charge fifteen cents; and, when prosecuted, set up in defense that such an attempt to impair your "freedom of contract" deprives you of liberty without due process of law, and that consequently the act was beyond the authority of Congress and you owed no duty to obey it. The court must decide whether your defense is true. Holding it true, it must decline to punish you. It may seem despotic to some in thus refusing to enforce the legislative will to bring enlightenment within reach of the masses, but its despotism is a necessary incident of your immunity from the legislative despot who is trying to put you out of business. Under the La Follette plan, if your adversaries can pass the act again, you go out.

Mr. La Follette would make Congress the judge on appeal in its own case. This is no new attitude for a progressive. Progressives often favor unrestricted governmental power because they want to use its power for their reforms. So they backed the Caesars and the Star Chamber. They prefer speed to safety and don't like it when courts protect men from their governors.

Urbana, Illinois, October 1 Frederick Green

College Lecture Courses

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Much of the criticism offered by the Dartmouth student committee on the educational methods in use in our colleges today would be accepted as valid and valuable by all progressive college teachers.

An interesting aspect is to be found in the anomalous position occupied by the "lecture course" in our educational thinking. It has entered our college curriculum by two different doors: on the one hand, as a substitute for the classroom recitation or discussion rendered impossible by the increase of the student body and by the size of popular elective courses; on the other, as an importation from Europe, a means of raising our colleges to a higher intellectual plane and of making them more definitely of university rank. Unfortunately the lecture course under these two influences has tended to become a hybrid having the weak rather than the strong points of each system. In the foreign university the lecturer merely presents some phase or aspect of the subject studied, his object being to give the student method of approach and bibliography or the results of his own research. The student attends or not according as matter and method are well presented and bibliography valuable. No examination is ever founded on such a course; when the student is examined before receiving his degree it is on the whole subject or definite phases of it with which he must be thoroughly familiar and for which he must prepare himself by individual reading and study. With us the examination follows immediately on the completion of the course and is almost invariably founded entirely on it, nothing being included in the paper which has not been treated in the lectures. This method naturally tends to make the student a mere passive recipient of information and opinion, the slave of his notes or of the convenient digest; it affords no stimulus for any but the best to make use of the bibliographies of sources and lists of parallel readings.

If the student expected to be examined on the Elizabethan drama, the French Revolution, or labor problems in the United States instead of on what Professors X, Y, and Z had said on these subjects in the classroom, there would be an immediate change in his whole attitude toward his work, and many of the desires expressed by the Dartmouth students would be at once fulfilled. It would "make the acquisition of the necessary information the concern of the student rather than that of the instructor," putting on the former the responsibility for his own progress and success and leaving the latter free to give his class the benefit of his best knowledge, to treat in detail the most important or most interesting aspects of his subject instead of almost forcing him to give a rapid and necessarily superficial survey of the whole, as is now the case. Harvard has taken a wise step in demanding from every undergraduate candidate for a degree an examination on his major subject of study without reference to the courses pursued in it.

Vassar College, August 16 M. P. Whitney

In Honor of Mrs. Kelley

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Friends of Mrs. Florence Kelley are planning to hold an anniversary dinner in honor of her twenty-five years of leadership of the National Consumers' League, on November 14, at the Hotel Astor. The dinner will be in recognition not only of her quarter century with the League, but of a life-time devoted to the furtherance of social justice. A wide response to the plan of holding this dinner has already been received; one hundred and fifty persons have accepted membership on a general committee for the dinner.

Tickets at $3.50 per cover can be obtained from Mrs. H. A. Ingraham, care Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, 45 East 63rd Street, New York City.

New York City, October 16 Josephine Goldmark

Clam Chowder on Olympus

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: How about some sweet olive oil and parsley in that clam chowder? Undoubtedly Alfred forgot all about these two most necessary ingredients to a successful Greek clam chowder.

But I forget that he is a New Englander and maybe knows nothing of how chowder was prepared for the gods of Olympus.

Galveston, Texas, October 14 H. Economidy

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Books

First Glance

THE thing called Nature has been responsible during the past century or so for some of the best English prose and for some of the worst. The classics are lamentably few. There is Gilbert White, of course, and there are Thoreau, Burroughs, Hudson, and John Muir; but in addition there have been writers by the dozen who, playing with what seemed an easy subject, made it contemptible to self-respecting minds. The subject as a matter of fact is one of the most difficult ever invented by the imagination, calling as it does for a combination of knowledge, modesty, and tact which must necessarily be rare. The cheaper authors are those who have known so little about their common mistress as to suppose that she was infatuated with them, that her pleasure was to wait upon their little moods and flatter their little fancies by echoing back the pretty sentences in which these were expressed. Her "lovers," and —worse yet—those unspeakable persons who have found a moral in her, have all but discredited her in the eyes of readers who, if they had got their Nature pure, would have had to acknowledge pure delight. For there is both a solid and a delicate delight to be had from someone's scrupulous account of how an adder lay all morning on a rock, or how a weasel ran across the road with a squeaking field-vole in its mouth, or how a robin mated, or how a woodchuck scuttled to his cave, or how a grizzly plundered a bee-hive. All this providing there is no "interpretation" to break the spell. Thoreau intruded a philosophy, and Burroughs, Hudson, and Muir—increasingly as they grew old—could not refrain from commentary; but these four packed the world with pictures that must always be clear because they are unaffectedly true.

It happens that among the Nature-books recently come to hand there are several which illustrate the better and the worse procedure. To begin with the worse, three of these books suffer the incurable handicap of having been written by amateurs, that is to say by persons inexperienced in the austerely patient observation of Nature without which she cannot be worth talking about. The "Isles of Eden" of which Laura Lee Davidson writes (Minton, Balch: $2) are camping-places in Canada remembered with a wholly commonplace enthusiasm. There is a dash of woodlore, and there is much literary stuff—stock items of bird-song and leaf-fall; but Nature, who never of her own will plays a part, is humiliated by being given the role of playfellow in vacation time; little or nothing is observed. Equally empty of experience is Helen Swift's "Where Green Lanes End" (Huebsch: $1.50), through which there runs a pleasant enough patter of morning and evening impressions but nowhere in which is there anything that might be treasured as a record. The trouble again is that the author has been interested more in calling Nature names—Arcady, for instance —than in scanning her uncommunicative and fascinating face. E. L. Grant Watson is a finer writer than either of the foregoing, but his title, "Moods of Earth and Sky" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50), is suspicious; and he comes true to form by announcing near the start that "things seen are of little importance. It is what they reveal with which I am concerned." Mere "appearances" he deprecates in a later passage. But the great naturalists have been content with mere appearances, and the most valuable revelations they have made have been revelations of fact. It is for its store of facts that "Animal Life in the Yosemite," by Joseph Grinnell and Tracy Irwin Storer (University of California Press: $7.50), to come finally to the better kind of book, is so welcome to a lay reader. The California Museum of Vertebrate Zoology commissioned Mr. Grinnell and Mr. Storer to make a report in untechnical terms of all the "terrestrial vertebrate animals" they could find in a certain section of the Sierra Nevada—a section, by the way, which John Muir wrote an unsurpassable book about. They found three hundred and fifty-five, and here all these are—birds, rats, beavers, and bears—in straightforward alphabetical order, coolly and accurately described. There are no flourishes, there is no apparent poetry; on his own page the beaver goes quickly and quietly to work. But the result is literature. Nature left to herself is bound to be literature.

MARK VAN DOREN

Hawthorne, Melville, Cabell

Straws and Prayer-Books: Dizain des Diversions. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

From the Hidden Way: Dizain des Echos. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride Company. $2.50.

THE pattern by which James Branch Cabell has for twenty years been weaving his lustrous tapestry now pretty clearly reveals itself. "Straws and Prayer-Books" appears as the Epilogue, as "Beyond Life" was the Prologue, to what is henceforth to be called the Biography of Manuel of Poictesme, Count and Redeemer of the imagined province, and ancestor of all the characters in Mr. Cabell's world. "The Lineage of Lichfield" worked out the lines of descent from Poictesme through England to America; in revised editions the earlier novels and tales have with a few touches been made to fit into the central plan; the poems of "From the Hidden Way" are now ascribed to Robert Etheridge Townsend, hero of "The Cords of Vanity"; "Straws and Prayer-Books" gathers up the fragments and utters the valedictory. The most ambitious scheme ever undertaken by an American romancer is at last virtually complete.

The scheme rests, of course, upon a definite opinion regarding human life. Mr. Cabell sees his fellows upon the planet as creatures engaged, with not much variation from individual to individual, in a recurrent comedy. The protagonist of every action is born, aspires, succeeds or fails, and dies. His child, in the flesh or in the spirit, inherits his role and plays it in the costume of the next generation; but only the costume is different. Having hit upon a personage so interesting as Manuel, Mr. Cabell has not felt the need of forever inventing other personages, when variants would do as well. He has merely studied Manuel in his transmigrations. But there still remains the mystery of the instinct which has kept the annalist of Manuel, aware of the futility of the process as he is, busy for two decades with his annals. "Straws and Prayer-Books" attacks that mystery. Ultimately it is perhaps insoluble; practically it comes down to the fact that Mr. Cabell has in this manner been diverting himself, as all men must divert themselves along the gray corridors by which they approach the black gate of death. "The artist . . . is life's half-frightened play-boy." Among the noises of thunders and of battles, among the silences of stupidity and despair, he plays with ideas and passions. However explicitly he may allege, at some later time, that he had another purpose, he merely lies, so far as the actual creative hour is concerned.

This particular play-boy, by his own analysis, has made sport with common-sense and piety and death, the martinets which would like to regiment mankind. Believing that literature is a criticism of life in the sense that "prison-breaking is a criticism of the penitentiary," Mr. Cabell has never hesitated to leave the cleared fields of realism for the adventurous frontiers of romance, where magic is the only science. Noticing that all the poets have worshiped the outcast god Pan, Mr. Cabell has deliberately amused himself with such rogues as Jurgen. Understanding that death is abhorrent to all men, Mr. Cabell has done what he could to create some deathless thing able to cheat oblivion. These points he argues, and around them he has built up, in "Straws and Prayer-Books," a joyous structure of examples and illustrations. With that economy which is an article of his creed he has worked into his Epilogue his reviews of "Messer Marco Polo" and "Tyll Eulenspiegel" and "The Queen Pédauque" and "Fantastica"; his

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studies of Joseph Hergesheimer and George Moore; his interview with the author of "The Eagle's Shadow"; and his stories, "The Thin Queen of Elfhame" and "The Delta of Radegonde"—to say nothing of numerous other fine ears of corn now submitted to the artful mill. The effect is, in a way, the effect of the Biography: that of a magnificent miscellany of beautiful things arranged on an intelligent and orderly plan.

It is possible enough that Mr. Cabell will yet choose to elaborate other portions of his mosaic, but, at this end of a chapter, he may by the most hopeful critic be estimated with reference to the work now finished. There seems to be no longer any reason for not associating him with the only comparable American romancers, Hawthorne and Melville. Unlike the others as each of these three may seem, they have all at least this much in common, that they are engineers of escape from the universe of compromises and half-measures to the universe in which both the reason and the imagination would prefer to live. Hawthorne was perhaps more strictly bound to the actual world than either of the others, yet he too breathed uncomfortably in it, and kept sending his imagination back to times in which it could function without the daily handicaps which fretted him. Only in the dim world of old Salem could he imagine the proud spirit of Hester Prynne rising up and cracking the stiff frame of the Puritan code. Melville, less touched by Puritanism than Hawthorne, fled from his world not along the track of time but along the track of space, sending his imagination to a cannibal paradise in the Pacific, to the wild borders of the remote ocean where his countrymen wrestled with angels and demons. Mr. Cabell, more systematic than Melville or Hawthorne in his undertaking, is more thorough in his art. He has left behind both his own place and his own age, and has taken refuge in an imagined realm where the very shadows are brighter than the sunshine of Virginia. He pays for this greater detachment with a certain rarefaction; Hawthorne is more solid, Melville more robust. It is in wit and loveliness that Mr. Cabell matches them.

Melville, to be sure, is one of the wittiest of romancers. But he never won for his wit a full emancipation from the fears that had been planted in him by his moral training. He fought with the beasts of conscience; he tortured himself with speculations about immortality; he could carry even Captain Ahab only as far as to the sulphurous brink of blasphemy. With conscience and immortality and blasphemy Mr. Cabell's wit plays as intrepidly as with less formidable prejudices. It has no fears. It stares open-eyed at the blazing sun and good-humoredly strokes the beard of Jehovah. There is, consequently, none of that violence which goes with Melville's robuster and racier comedy. So are there in Mr. Cabell none of the touches of provincialism which go with Hawthorne's solider grasp of human character. Is Donatello a faun? Jurgen is, too. But whereas in the substantial tissue of Donatello the sense of sin takes root, Jurgen slips through earth and heaven and hell as unassailably as if Luther had never died to make men forever conscious of the moral bearings of all experience. Mr. Cabell is thus as free to admire loveliness wherever he finds it as to discover the possibilities of mirth in whatever theme. He finds beauty glittering in the midst of ugly sins, and snares it in his tolerant net. He builds fresh beauty about ominous symbols, inventing or enlarging them if need be. He does not, like Hawthorne, feel the obligation constantly to check the wings of his vision by comparing it with reality. Mr. Cabell, by questioning the reality of reality, has been naturalized in the world of dreams till he moves about there without the scruples lasting over from another allegiance. Thus the beauty of his Poictesme is double-distilled. Those lovers of beauty who must now and then come back to earth for renewal will occasionally gasp in Poictesme, wishing the atmosphere would thicken and the brilliant colors change. But always Poictesme hangs above the mortal clouds, suspended from the eternal sky, in the region where wit and beauty are joined in an everlasting kiss.

CARL VAN DOREN

Willard Straight

Willard Straight. By Herbert Croly. The Macmillan Company. $6.

ONCE in the dismal days of the Washington Conference, when the outlook was dark for China and the Chinese delegates were losing all of their illusions and most of their hopes, an old and distinguished Chinese official, one of the advisers to his delegation, was talking to an American who had known Willard Straight intimately and long. "Ah, if only Willard Straight were still alive!" he sighed. "Then it would be different."

This biography by Herbert Croly explains the Chinese statesman's sigh. There are on the whole just two kinds of men who go to China, or to other Far Eastern lands for that matter. First are those who may be called the practical men, diplomatic and other officials who go to further the interests of their governments and business men who go to further their own interests. Second are those who may be called impractical men—"idealists" is a better term. They are drawn by the imaginative appeal of the East, they appreciate its point of view, and they become habitual defenders of China and the Chinese even against their own people if necessary. Seldom is there one who comes under both classifications, one who is both practical and efficient on the one hand and on the other is able to see the point of view of the Chinese and is impelled by his instincts to pursue their advantage as well as his own. Such an exception was Willard Straight.

Mr. Straight was, as Mr. Croly says, a many-sided man. He was artist, civil servant, war correspondent, diplomat, organizer, entrepreneur, banker, and, finally, soldier. His was a personality that made for fast and lasting friendships among men of all races and classes. He was of the type more frequently found in England than in America—well born, but a man in whom a sense of social responsibility not restricted to his own class is more compelling than the instincts of acquisitiveness and self-advancement. All this may be said of him, but essentially his fame is founded on his work in China. He left his mark there.

Mr. Straight was American Consul-General in Mukden in the crucial years after the Russo-Japanese war when Manchuria was the center of Asia and the forces were being cast that have made the Far East of supreme importance to America, as it will be eventually to the rest of the world. He foresaw the direction those forces were taking and he sought to call attention to it. Almost single-handed he fought against Russia's encroachment on the one side and Japan's on the other. He foresaw that international cooperation would have to supplant competitive national aggression as the basis of the West's relation to China if successive wars of partition were to be averted. Cooperation, further, would have to be founded on the principle of China's welfare as well as on that of Occidental profit. He gave his vision constructive form. It was his enthusiasm, energy, and persistence that made the first international banking consortium a reality. If the consortium has fallen short of his vision in purpose and method, the principle of international cooperation as a technique of relations between the strong Powers and weakened China has at least been set up. A new turn has been given to the history of the Far East.

Something of the quality of the man is shown in his letters from France while serving as a staff officer. He was keenly pro-Ally and pro-war, but he never lost sight of the fact that the object of the war was not victory alone. And his prescience told him what millions of his countrymen have only found to be wisdom after the fact. A month before the armistice he wrote: "What I'm afraid of now is that the British and French may kick over the traces. They have tasted blood and may demand their pound of flesh. . . . We stand in a fair way of having fought the war, lost thousands of lives and millions of dollars, upset everything, and of not getting the peace we started for. . . . We should have made our bargain with the

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Allies when we first came in—or at least when we began to send troops in such numbers. Now we will be apt to get nothing—not even the peace we fight for, but a peace which will, instead of being founded on a League of Nations, have the foundations for other wars." Change the tenses and there is a description of Versailles in 1919 and all of Europe in 1924.

Mr. Croly has written more than an interesting story of one man's life. He has also given a scholarly and authoritative account of Far Eastern history in the eventful years after the opening of this century. As he is not a specialist in Far Eastern affairs it is a highly creditable achievement. In balance and perspective his book is superior to many which have been written by specialists.

NATHANIEL PEFFER

The Story of Coal

The Coal Industry. By A. T. Shurick. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

LESS than twenty years ago wildcats howled at night and bears lumbered through the wilderness in places where today man has built unending stretches of coal-mining villages. The romance of coal lies in part in the very novelty with which it is mined in some sections of the United States. Where solitude once reigned over ranges of forest-topped hills, and man was seen only in settlers' huts, mine cars now whizz in and out of holes in the hillside, railroad sidings run in many directions, and village after village of coal-mining operations extends before the eye. You can ascend river valleys to their sources without being out of sight of a tipple, where the coal is dumped into railroad cars, or of a miner's cottage. Whole counties are given over to coal almost exclusively. Much of this recent opening of coal mines has been done in West Virginia, Alabama, eastern Kentucky, and other regions. Unless one lives near such places one does not ordinarily think of an industry so old that miners were being impressed for service in England in 1296 as having been so recently started in large areas of our modern world. In these places the transformation has been magic. Peace has given way overnight to activity, solitude to bustling communities, and virgin wildness to scarred hillsides.

To a dweller in modern cities who steps over a coal chute placed across the sidewalk coal-mining can become a fascinating subject. Mr. Shurick has attempted to treat every stage of the industry from the earliest times down to the latest word of the United States Coal Commission. Never before has a single volume, designed specifically for the layman, covered so wide a field. The author lives in Athens, Ohio, in the Ohio coal fields, and evidently has been interested in coal operations. He traces mechanical equipment and engineering methods from their primitive beginnings, describes the ways in which coal is marketed, enumerates economic factors such as costs, ownership of mines, and types of company organization, discusses the miner's life and social conditions, and describes the various coal fields in this country. To one who has seen electric cutting and loading machines making short work of a face of coal deep underground today it is a far cry to the time when only the outcropping on the hillside was taken or when women crawled on their hands and knees along low passages, chains bound around their waists and baskets of coal pulled by these chains behind them.

In discussing the opening of bituminous coal fields, the author hardly pays enough attention to the manner in which lands were acquired, and in discussing ownership he pays little attention to the tendency of large industrial corporations to secure great holdings and to the effects of absentee ownership; in respect to anthracite mines, confined to a small part of Pennsylvania, he is better. He describes with much detail the technique of taking a deposit of coal out of the ground without letting the earth fall down about your ears. In writing about miners and their job he is fair in saying that the average earnings of the miner for the year are not adequate to maintain the American standard of living, but he paints a somewhat too pleasant picture of the comforts of miners' houses and community life. No space is given to the whole structure of wage-fixing and to the important periodic negotiations between mine owners and the United Mine Workers of America; this subject has been separately treated in a recent book by another author. Although drawing largely upon the reports of the Coal Commission for many disturbing facts about the industry, Mr. Shurick makes the surprising statement that "in all essential respects the Commission has given the coal industry a clean bill of health"; surely this is too roseate a summary of that body's findings. He has tried to write an impartial book, and has in large measure succeeded. Living as he does in a unionized field, his evident acceptance of the United Mine Workers as a desirable factor in the industry is valuable, as is also his prophecy that the union will ultimately succeed in organizing all of that battleground of mine unionism, West Virginia. Mr. Shurick does not write vividly or skilfully, and the absorbing human interests in the story of coal mining are implicit rather than expressed. Fortunately much is accomplished by a generous use of pictures.

WINTHROP D. LANE

Best and Worst

Looking at Life. By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.25.
Latitudes. By Edwin Muir. B. W. Huebsch. $2.
Taking the Literary Pulse. By Joseph Collins. George H. Doran. $3.

I SUSPECT that it was Floyd Dell who assumed the role of Apollo and marked Dr. Collins with the attributes of an ass when this modern Midas had the temerity to dissent from a universal judgment on lyric values. At any rate, the scorching contribution to "F. P. A.'s" column in which "F. D." ridiculed the pretensions of "the noted neurologist" to the post of arbiter literarum for the general was written with the holy fervor and the humorous faculty that Mr. Dell brings to the discussion of life and letters. It was like him to treat the question of competent criticism by materializing a superannuated bartender and conjecturing that Paddy's comments on literature would be less verbose and no less valid, more amusing and no more asinine, than those of Dr. Collins; it is like Floyd Dell to present a hypothetical saloon-keeper, Russian friend, or modern knight and thus personalize an abstract problem.

The obvious result of this method is to lose in interest what is gained in conviction so that, for one who needs not be convinced of the censor's triumph in the cinema, the meaning of feminism for men, and the necessity of freedom for women these simple excursions into the maelstrom of thought are a trifle dull because they never venture beyond the broad belt that forms the edge of the whirl. They are dull with that lively monotony of a choppy sea which characterized *The Liberator*—from which a number of these essays have been culled—when it determined to make an appeal to the "peepul." Mr. Dell is writing down to the miner and the financier's wife, the country schoolmarm, the Greenwich Village intellectual, and the college adolescent—to those, in brief, who have to be coaxed to think; in "Looking at Life" his purpose is to educate the Philistines rather than to discourse with civilized people. It is really an expert feat, this treading of the swirl of life in such a way as to stay on its surface and out of reach of the funnel when the current on either side is both deep and strong. As Edwin Muir puts it, "to the profound, depth is a necessity and a torment. They long for shallowness, and to remain on the surface." Mr. Dell is here taking a vacation from profundity and obviously enjoying it—but he constantly betrays the fact that he belongs among the depths.

Mr. Muir himself achieves simplicity, but he never approaches the shallows. His simplicity is a tour de force turned by a monumental knowledge of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables which are used with a precision that permits no misunderstanding and

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by an equally enormous capacity for intellectual research, for that weighing, tasting, comparing, and reflecting which uncovers the unique and the universal, reducing them to their uncommon quality and to their common denominator. This is high praise and may seem extravagant; I hope it does, for the only way to distinguish genius from talent is by the amount of frantic extravagance it inspires. The greatness of Mr. Muir's power may be judged by the number and variety of the subjects he interprets. He has sought—and found—the secret of Burns and Conrad, Ibsen and Dostoyevsky (here with the assistance of M. Lavrin), Nietzsche and our contemporaries; he has speculated—to some purpose—on art and optimism, on love and suffering and superstition.

To capture the essence of Mr. Muir's work and his contribution to literature it is necessary to revise the current conception of critic and philosopher; it is vital to recognize that a critic may work creatively upon ideas and that a philosopher may concern himself with living material rather than metaphysical formulae. Mr. Muir's conception of criticism is illustrated in these two sentences: "Criticism should reject the vulgar and irrelevant personal detail, and find its inspiration in the interaction and collision of minds, in the cold and passionate ardor of the activities of the spirit. . . . Criticism can only become a thing unique and fruitful, however, by becoming something else than history or sociology, by treating literature purely as the emanation of spiritual entities, and by analyzing, or rather divining, the essence of these entities." His view of philosophy cannot be compressed into so small a compass; it is better expressed in the epigram: "Every philosophical problem has thus far been settled by solving another."

It is a fortunate coincidence that three of Mr. Muir's essays should be extended reviews of the books of Janko Lavrin, whose "psycho-critical" studies antedated the work of Dr. Collins. One is able thus to find substantiation for the view that Dr. Collins not only fails to achieve his object but also fails to understand the method whereby this object may be achieved. If psychological analysis is more potent than old-fashioned diagnosis of the obvious surface symptoms in interpreting the work of a great author or in disclosing the secrets of his mind, this is only because it undertakes to examine a mass of documents which the other method ignores, because it speculates on the connection between the personal experiences of the man and the creative expressions of the writer, and finally because it coordinates these speculations with a sound critical diagnosis of the older type.

Now Dr. Collins does none of these things. He establishes his premises on insufficient data both in cases where more information is available and in instances where the writers have not published enough to permit intelligent generalization. He is not only insufficiently acquainted with literature but lacking in the fundamentals of criticism: an understanding of aesthetic standards and an appreciation of artistic achievement. And, most important of all, he comes to the subject of literature with utterly irrelevant prejudices in the fields of politics, religion, and morality which influence tremendously, because he has neither self-control nor detachment, his attitude toward the writers he discusses. But, though it is sufficient to damn a much wiser man than Dr. Collins, this is not all! Worse yet is the fact that he writes—and knows that he writes—for readers who do not care two hoots for a profound interpretation of literature. They seek—and he gives them—both the direct and the vicarious enjoyment which is to be had in the description and condemnation of perversions and pornography and which is justified in their eyes by his show of pseudo-scientific method. In the work of Dr. Collins we may see the green-grocer morality and mentality passing judgment on what it cannot understand, and the effect is, to fall back once again on Mr. Muir, "a general impression that the road which leads to ineffable, eternal glory is very broad and convenient, and packed with the bourgeoisie."

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Welcome Reactions

Gentle Reactions. By Gabriel Wells. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

GABRIEL WELLS is a name not altogether unassociated with the world of letters; but it is in the distribution of books rather than in the creation of them that the name is thought of. Amid the book-auction fraternity and among the book-collecting *cognoscenti* it is familiarly abbreviated to the initials G. W., a manner of address which, while it implies appreciation of the book-dealer, ignores the man. I have always suspected that there was a soul somewhere hidden in this efficient bookseller, and the reading of these "Gentle Reactions" confirms me in my suspicion. It must have been a real relief to Mr. Wells, from the occasional monotony of his business, to express himself in these letters to the newspapers, for the reading of them is both a diversion and an education. His "reactions" to the questions of the day may be "gentle," but the gentleness is rather in the manner of their expression than in the matter the expressions convey. What Mr. Wells thinks of Lloyd George, Poincaré, prohibition, woman suffrage, the League of Nations, and other momentous subjects which are concerning the statesmen of our time may not disturb their complacency, but what he says is, nevertheless, both well said and wisely said. His appeal to America to take her proper part in the settlement of European affairs is as competent in its argument as it is eloquent in its statement.

TEMPLE SCOTT

Types of the Novel

The Political Novel. By Morris Edmund Speare. Oxford University Press. $2.25.

The Historical Novel. By H. Butterfield. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

The Modern German Novel. By Harvey Hewett-Thayer. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $2.50.

THE political novel may be a thing in itself and Mr. Speare would like to give it an importance hardly less than that of the historical novel. Yet the curious fact remains that the political novel has not thrown its net about any deep-sea monsters. Mr. Speare has dredged up stolid flounders like Winston Churchill and a flying fish like Disraeli. He fails to show an octopus or a whale on his list. Politics has produced any number of politicians and no masterpieces. A whole chapter given to Mrs. Humphrey Ward fails somehow to convince one of her genius. Trollope will not live by his political novels, and "The New Machiavelli" is not Mr. Wells's best book. One must, however, admire the industry which has sent Mr. Speare in search of first principles for the political novel and made him take writers like Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Churchill, and Disraeli with such profound seriousness. One learns with stupefaction that "the publication of 'Coningsby' was an event of no less importance in the history of the novel than the appearance of 'The Doll's House' was to modern dramatic literature."

Seduced by his imposed necessity of proving a case, Mr. Speare expends a vast scholarship upon Disraeli's novels. He gives a hundred and fifty pages to things like "Coningsby" and "Sybil" and a whole chapter to Paul Leicester Ford (of all people) without once mentioning Dreiser. Mr. Butterfield, however, does not overlook art and life in his search for definitions. He is less interested in inventing a horrendous dialectic than in discovering the relations between the facts of history and the art of fiction. He does little more than formulate commonplaces, but he writes with a genuine passion for great literature and he does not fall into the error of disjoining the novel from its own purpose and making it a guide to history. Like any kind of novel, the historical romance transmits the color and rhythm of life into dramatic appearances and haunting

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apparitions. It is "historical" only in that it works through the pathos of distance. Mr. Butterfield is able to estimate the peculiar distinction of writers as opposed as Dumas and Hewlett and to assign the historical novel its importance as one of the most fascinating inventions of art.

In "The Modern German Novel" Mr. Hewett-Thayer is less ambitious than either Mr. Speare or Mr. Butterfield. He does not so much seek first principles as give very full information on the method and the plots of the more important German novelists of the past fifty years. Writing with an admirable fairness Mr. Hewett-Thayer compiles a source-book packed with particular details. He has no case to prove except the case of good literature. He discusses the realist Fontane, the naturalist Kretzer, the romanticist Huch, the aristocrat Ompteda, the Swiss Zahn, the war novelists, and the novelists (such as Wassermann) who did not write about the war. He sets up no absolute standards; he is content to describe the plots and contents of the more important books, to suggest their excellencies and their defects, and to relate them to the work of men like Zola and Flaubert, Dickens and Dostoevsky.

A. Donald Douglas

Books in Brief

Our American Kings. By Frederick L. Collins. The Century Company. $2.50.

This book should be re-christened "The Shirts of the Mighty." For the fourteen living governors who stalk through its pages are metaphorically, and often literally, revealed in their shirt-sleeves—now rolled up, now held aloft by armlets. It may, of course, be argued that all this hurdy-gurdy rhetoric is "both instructive and entertaining." Al Smith, for instance, is blessed with a head shaped like an "inverted Bartlett pear," and he "likes his fun to be funny, with pie in the face and pins in the pants"; Percy Baxter, bachelor governor of Maine, writes letters to school-girls which elicit such replies as: "Thank you for your letter. It will make me a good girl." One suspects that Mr. Collins has thumped down his message of cheer for Rotarians on a second-hand Oliver. A chortling preface assures the reader that the author has met all kinds of Americans, from governors and professors to barbers and bootleggers. If he continues to labor hard, twenty-five years hence he ought to be able to write a good book about bootleggers.

You Takes Your Choice. By Clinton W. Gilbert. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A disinterested mind expressing itself in a breezy, newspaper style is a rare phenomenon. Mr. Gilbert concedes—and his book proves it—that with one unimportant exception he does not "give two pins" for any of the presidential or vice-presidential candidates, A.D. 1924, whom he so keenly and carefully dissects. While the author of "The Mirrors of Washington" fully lives up to his claim of being "a specialist in recognizing limitations," he is nevertheless thoroughly impartial and even tolerant. He cheerfully admits that "singed cat" Coolidge had nothing to do with the settlement of the Boston police strike; that he himself is "going to contribute to [Davis's] election by showing later in this book that the evidences of his greatness are superficial and should not count too much against him"; and that La Follette will almost certainly be defeated because, among numerous other reasons, he "has never recognized the validity of 'The smile that wins.'" If this book attains wide circulation a grave danger will threaten the Republic—even fewer votes will be cast this year than were cast in 1920.

Bashan and I. By Thomas Mann. Translated by Hermann George Scheffauer. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

The author of this book is described by the publisher (whether ignorantly or disingenuously) as "a famous Austrian novelist." But Thomas Mann is nothing of the sort. He is a German of the Reich, and a North German at that, though the Latin strain in his make-up may partly account for his singularly lucid and graceful style, which is here rendered into supple English. This book is a study of the mind of a dog. Mann wrote it during the war as a refuge and a relief, very much as he has since turned to spiritism as an escape from the woes of peace. One can hardly begrudge him these flights from the man-made mess which is Europe. Bashan is a short-haired setter, presented in all his canine reality and not in the least anthropomorphically tricked out. Dog lovers will readily accord him a place in the hall of fame beside Rab, Krambambuli, Bob Son of Battle, and the various collie heroes of Mr. Albert Payson Terhune.

The Sailors' Union of the Pacific. By Paul S. Taylor. The Ronald Press Company. $2.50.

International Seamen's Union of America. By Arthur Emil Albrecht. United States Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The sailor is not yet a free laborer, and discipline at sea is still maintained by a caste system—borrowed from naval life—that in civilized countries has virtually disappeared from industry ashore. Yet the advance from the Yankee "hell-ship" and the "bucko" mate and master of fifty years ago is so notable that it is well worth while to have the facts in regard to the organizations that have been most influential in bringing about the change. Those facts, compiled from hitherto scattered and to most persons inaccessible sources, are gathered together in the two studies listed above. Successful organization came first on the Pacific coast—in 1885, according to Mr. Taylor. In 1892, Mr. Albrecht records, the Sailors' Union of the Pacific brought together a convention in Chicago out of which grew a national institution.

Drama

Two Experiments

MR. STARK YOUNG has a passion for intangible values, and like most mystics he finds in ritual the only possible outlet for those feelings which, though shared by thousands, have never yet been set down in words. Had he been born in some other place and time he might have found contentment in endless repetition of the complicated "offices" of some monastic order, but cast as he has been upon the modern world he cannot be naive enough to accept any one ritual as complete or absolute and it is, accordingly, the idea behind all ritual which fascinates him. He knows that wherever men have gathered together for any prayer, dance, or game which has become traditional with them the gesture has released somehow their emotions, and so the slow Procession of the Virgin through the crooked streets of the Mexican town affects him neither more nor less than the stereotyped antics of clown and pantaloon upon the village stage or even the flickering image of Charlie Chaplin, who seems to combine and reinterpret the traditions of many generations of clowns. Each seems to him to have been sanctified by use, to have been for so long the channel through which the common emotion flowed as to have become in the truest sense religious, and his dream is of a theater which shall purge all the complicated emotions of the modern man by becoming a comprehensive ritual which has absorbed all other rituals, from solemn mass to rowdy pantomime.

His new play, "The Saint" (Greenwich Village Theater), centers about one of those mystics to whom rightness is all and who is paralyzed in the world of action because nothing which he can take is worth the taking and only those things given or received can count. From the plains of Texas, where he had caught in the winds a faint whisper of the great mystery,

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he has come to the school of a monastery and he has found there in the Procession of the Virgin another glimpse of the great truth. He passes thence into a group of strolling players who catch—hardly more fitfully—the same magic in the mocking tragedy of their conventional pantomime; and in the end he returns, battered and deepened by the world, to the door of the monastery to ask again that the procession give up its secret. Receiving, as usual, but a fragmentary answer, he goes upon his way to question the winds once more; and though they, to be sure, will not satisfy him, he will return to some ritual, solemn or rejoicing, and find in that ceremonial union with the rest of mankind a temporary outlet for his overmastering emotions.

Thus the intention of the play is clear and admirable. It is meant to be at once the exposition of a fundamental human need and an illustration, through its processions and pantomimes, of the method by which that need may be satisfied. But though it succeeds well enough in making clear what it is intended to do, it does not always quite do it. At the beginning of the second act where the players rehearse their pantomime author and actors together catch the requisite rhythm and rise to heights which, if sustained, would make the whole a triumphant achievement, but at other times they falter together; and not even the competent playing of Leo Carrillo can animate the prosy woodenness of the first act. The Provincetown group has had a way of disappointing its admirers, of failing, save in rare instances, to fulfil the promises which innumerable productions have vouchsafed; and on the whole "The Saint" is not more than a very promising promise.

To one observer at least "The Saint" seemed on the whole nearer to solid achievement than the more garish experiment "The Murder in the Whistler Room" (Provincetown Theater), though it would be easy enough to give a theoretical defense of the method of the latter play. Granting the fundamental Freudian premise that our dreams reveal in metaphor our deepest reactions to reality, nothing could be more logical for a psychological dramatist to do than to dramatize the dream life of a subject, but the fact remains that in spite of all his elaborate machinery Mr. Edmund Wilson has achieved little more than a fairly conventional satire upon stale culture.

Theatergoers less interested in experiments will find "The Red Falcon" (Broadhurst Theater) a highly effective melodrama of sixteenth century Sicily and "The Fake" (Hudson Theater) a problem-melodrama which is always suavely performed and sometimes stirring. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Nation's *La Follette-Wheeler Campaign Fund has now reached $6,512.49. We urge all our readers who have not yet obeyed an impulse to contribute to this fund to do so now, as the last days of the campaign are important and expensive.*

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

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The DEBATE of the Century!
CLARENCE DARROW versus JUDGE A. J. TALLEY
Famous Chicago Lawyer NEGATIVE — N. Y. Court of General Sessions AFFIRMATIVE
SUBJECT:
Is CAPITAL PUNISHMENT a Wise Public Policy?
Chairman: LOUIS MARSHALL
Temporary Chairman, LEWIS E. LAWES, Warden of Sing Sing Prison.
THIS SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26TH, 3:00 P. M.
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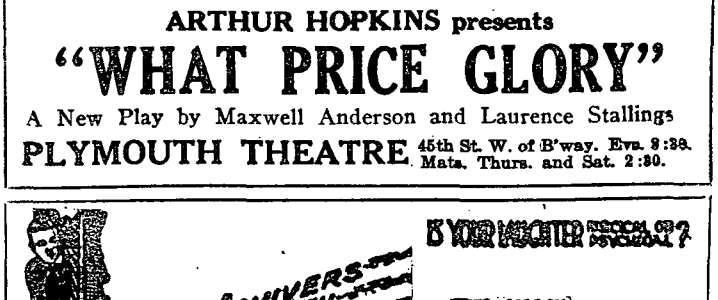

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Sunday, October 26th, 8 P. M.
"THE ELECTION"
Speakers: Elisabeth Marbury, *Democratic Party*
Ogden L. Mills, *Republican Party*
Arthur Garfield Hays, *Progressive Party*
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Nov. 14, 8:30 P.M. ..... Herman Epstein "With the Great Composers"
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Nov. 26, 8:30 P.M. ..... Johan Smertenko "Current Drama"
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International Relations Section

La Follette's Foreign Policy

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, in his speech at St. Louis on October 14, discussed the World War and concluded with the most comprehensive and detailed statement of his views on foreign policy that he has made since his nomination. Owing to the interest of many of our readers in Mr. La Follette's probable attitude toward foreign affairs, should he be elected President, we print the speech in full below:

The time has come to return to fundamental American principles and traditions in the conduct of our foreign policy, as well as of our domestic policy.

For more than one hundred years this Government constantly pursued a policy which had been defined early in the last century by the greatest American statesmen. Its principles involved a wide departure from the traditions and practices of European diplomacy, which were based upon imperialistic intrigue. They were as original and unique as the principles of representative government, upon which our domestic policy was based. It was truly an American policy.

Its fundamental doctrines were, perhaps, most tersely expressed by Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural address, when he declared for "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none." They were indorsed by Washington, Franklin, and other great statesmen. Only Hamilton and his followers, who desired a monarchy in the United States and an alliance with Great Britain, dared to oppose them.

This did not mean isolation from friendly intercourse and cooperation with other nations. For a hundred years the United States displayed a constant readiness to cooperate with other nations to promote the peaceful settlement of international disputes. Its reassertion will not imply any unreadiness to act with other nations in removing the causes of war.

Early Principles

To this basic statement of American foreign policy should be added three other general principles, which were enunciated during the early years of the century: (1) Recognition of foreign governments without intervention in their affairs. (2) The Monroe Doctrine safeguarding the American continents from imperialistic exploitation. (3) Absolute neutrality toward foreign nations involved in war.

The doctrine of war neutrality was formulated and proclaimed under the Administration of George Washington. England, then at war with France, sought to stop our shipments of food to the latter country. Thomas Jefferson, Washington's Secretary of State, in a letter to the United States Minister to Great Britain, stated the doctrine of neurality, as follows:

"Reason and usage," said Jefferson, "have established that when two nations go to war, those who choose to live in peace retain their natural rights to pursue their agriculture, manufacture, and other ordinary vocations; to carry the produce of their industry, for exchange to all nations, belligerent or neutral, as usual; to go and come freely without injury or molestation; and, in short, that the war among others shall be, for them, as if it did not exist."

In order to make the meaning of this doctrine quite clear, I desire to quote from Jefferson's interpretation set forth in another part of the same letter, where he says:

"Were we to withhold from her [France] supplies of provisions, we should in like manner be bound to withhold them from her enemies also, and thus shut to ourselves all the ports of Europe where corn is in demand or make ourselves parties in the war. This is a dilemma which Great Britain has no right to force upon us, and for which no pretext can be found in any part of our conduct. She may, indeed, feel the desire of starving an enemy nation, but she can have no right of doing it at our loss, nor of making us the instruments of it."

These were the fundamental doctrines upon which American foreign policy was based. They were adhered to for more than a century. Webster, Clay, and Lincoln were among the great statesmen who insisted upon their maintenance inviolate. They made for peace, and, in spite of the relative weakness of the American nation at the time they were proclaimed, gave to the United States a position which commanded the respect of all the world.

Imperialism Has Crept In

Today there is not one of these fundamental principles that has not been ignored, violated, or utterly rejected. Those who have controlled our foreign policy during the last ten years have departed entirely from American traditions and American principles, and permitted our policy to be shaped by the imperialistic maxims and precepts of European diplomacy.

In order that we may understand the causes which have led to the abandonment of these principles, and in some measure appreciate the dire consequences arising therefrom, I wish briefly to review a few outstanding facts and events.

It is true that our departure from the traditional American policy began with the development of imperialism under William McKinley, following the Spanish-American war. The breach was broadened under Roosevelt and Taft. The establishment of colonial possessions and dependencies, the rape of Panama, and the establishment of "dollar diplomacy" were all violations of the best American traditions. Slowly but surely we were entering upon the path of imperialism, which leads only to international discord and to war.

Nevertheless, it is my opinion that the complete abandonment of the true American foreign policy came under the Administration of Woodrow Wilson and has been continued and expanded under the present Harding-Coolidge Administration.

Wilson was elected as an anti-imperialist and did, in fact, do much during the first two years of his Administration to check the tendency toward imperialism by using his influence for Philippine independence, by curbing the extension of dollar diplomacy, and by his attitude toward the Mexican revolution.

When war was declared in Europe in the summer of 1914 President Wilson declared for "absolute neutrality—neutrality in thought, word, and deed." This was a true American policy. If this doctrine had been adhered to we would never have been drawn into war. We would be free from every form of foreign entanglement; we would have avoided at home the dire consequences of the last few years.

America's War Losses

Sixty thousand American boys would still be alive. We would have no colossal war debt. We would be free from our heavy burden of taxation. We would have no problem of caring for hundreds of thousands of wounded, diseased, and shell-shocked veterans. We would not have American agriculture prostrate and demanding speedy relief. We would have had no such concentration of wealth in the hands of a few as we have witnessed in recent years. Above all, we should have preserved our proud distinction of a nation steadfastly devoted to peace. Had the plain principle of international law announced by Washington and Jefferson been followed we would not have been called upon to declare war upon any of the belligerent nations of Europe. The fatal error came in the failure of President Wilson to treat the belligerent nations of Europe alike—the failure to reject the unlawful "war zones" of both Germany and Great Britain!

I do not doubt that President Wilson was sincere when he declared for absolute neutrality. I know the influences which surrounded him and which, day after day, month after month,

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brought the heaviest imaginable pressure to induce him to abandon his position of neutrality and throw the strength of the United States openly on the side of the allied governments.

The publication of the memoirs and letters of Franklin K. Lane and Walter H. Page and other documentary evidence gives us a picture of the insidious methods which were used to induce the President to abandon his declared position.

In establishing our position of neutrality during the early years of the World War two alternative courses were open, either of which led directly to peace. One was to insist upon the maintenance of absolute freedom of the seas and to resist any action on the part of either Great Britain or Germany which encroached upon our rights as a neutral nation to sell our food and other non-contraband articles to any nation. This line of policy was the one upon which Washington and Jefferson had insisted in their dealings with Great Britain and France in 1793. It was sanctioned by international law and clearly recognized in the Declaration of London, in which this field was more fully and definitely covered than in any other preceding document.

The second path that led to peace—the other alternative which was open to us—was to withdraw our commerce from both belligerents during the period of hostility and limit our trade to neutral nations.

The Path to War

We followed neither of these paths to peace. Instead we trod timidly and hesitatingly at first, and later boldly and aggressively the path that led to war.

We permitted Great Britain to mine the entire North Sea. We permitted her to cut us off entirely from legitimate commerce in food and other non-contraband articles with Germany, and to interfere with and restrict our trade with the neutral Scandinavian countries. It is true that we protested against this denial of our international rights, but we did not insist.

We permitted England to stop our shipments of food while women and children, old men, and other non-combatants were starving in Germany. We permitted our ships consigned to neutral ports to be seized and searched by the British Navy. We wrote notes of protest to the British Government, but always with the knowledge that the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's was making it clear that these protests need not be heeded by the British Government.

Everything that followed was the inevitable consequence of this failure to observe genuine and absolute neutrality.

I need not review those consequences. They are known to every American citizen—to every man, woman, and child. They know the broad events, but they do not, in my opinion, understand their significance or their causes.

I would not now refer to them except that they have a bearing of the utmost importance, not alone upon our present foreign policy but upon our domestic policy as well.

It is my opinion that our foreign policy at the present time is being dictated and controlled by the same forces which were responsible for the abandonment and withdrawal of American neutrality during the World War.

It is my opinion that the private monopoly system was primarily responsible for the abandonment of our traditional foreign policy; that this system forced us into the World War; that this system is now driving us at breakneck speed along the paths of imperialism that lead inevitably to war and to the ending of free government at home as well.

Morgan and the War

I am convinced—I was convinced at the beginning—that we abandoned our policy of neutrality through the influence of J. P. Morgan & Co., the fiscal agent of the British Empire, who, in the early spring of 1917, turned loose the press and agencies of propaganda to drive us into the war.

At that time the credit of the Allies with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. had been overdrawn to the extent of $400,000,000, while contracts to the amount of $800,000,000 more were maturing, which could only be paid by bringing America into the war. Hundreds of other banks were in the same perilous situation. They, too, had underwritten British and French bonds. If the Allies were defeated, these debts would not be paid. The bonds of the Allied countries would fall in value, and might possibly be worthless. The House of Morgan could only be saved by being underwritten by the United States Government. This was done. It was for this reason that America abandoned the policy of Washington, the policy of Jefferson, the policy of every President of the American people for a hundred years.

You need not take my word for this. Here is the written statement of Oscar T. Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during the war. In an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* he says under his own signature:

"I shall not soon forget the blunt declaration, made to me ten days before Sir Cecil Spring-Rice took the first fruits of our efforts, by a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.:

"'We have scraped the bottom of the box. They owe us and our associate banks $400,000,000—practically an overdraft, since we cannot sell the collateral remaining in our hands without making a panic on the New York stock market. You people in the Treasury must now bear the whole burden. We can do no more.'

"Six weeks later, we learned that, in addition to this cash commitment, the Allies had contracted for about $800,000,000 worth of goods deliverable within six months."

That was the reason that Morgan—now, by the grace of the British King, Sir John Pierpont Morgan—forced America into the World War. Then came the Treaty of Versailles. It was to end war. Instead, it is the mother of war. It gave Great Britain command of the seas and of Africa, Asia, and the resources of the world as well. It made France a militaristic, imperialistic power. It violated the terms of the armistice—an armistice entered into in good faith, by Germany at least, and to which the victorious nations were in honor pledged.

The Treaty of Versailles

The Treaty of Versailles is a treaty of shame. By reason of it, the assurances of the American people to a defeated foe became as a scrap of paper. All Europe was made a tinder box ready to burst into flame as a result of this dishonorable treaty—a treaty which must be revised if peace is again to reign on the earth.

Who were President Wilson's close advisers during the making of this treaty? Thomas W. Lamont of the firm of Morgan & Co. and other affiliated international bankers. Have you forgotten that the bankers had copies of the treaties before the Senate was permitted to see them? The international bankers used every influence at their command to force American ratification of this treaty and thus involved us inextricably in the intrigues and wars of Europe.

The abandonment of our traditional policy did not end in 1919. The present Republican Administration was elected upon a pledge to abandon the foreign policies of the preceding Administration and restore America to the same paths which had previously been pursued.

This pledge has been completely repudiated. The same forces that controlled American foreign policy when Lansing was Secretary of State, the same forces that plunged us into the World War, now dictate the policies of Secretary Hughes.

It is said, "No man can serve two masters," but Secretary Hughes, in his direction of the foreign policy of the United States, can and does serve two masters. He serves both Standard Oil and Morgan & Co. with constant fidelity. From the beginning of the Harding-Coolidge Administration our foreign policy has been shaped in the main in the interests of one or the other of these two affiliated groups.

The first act of Secretary Hughes as a member of the Cabinet was to urge the ratification of the treaty to pay Colombia $25,000,000 because, as Secretary Fall and Senator Lodge coldly stated in their advocacy of the treaty, it would give our oil companies preferential chances in securing concessions in that country.

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The present Republican Administration was elected upon a pledge to recall American marines from Haiti and Santo Domingo and to right the wrongs which had been done to other Central and South American countries. Instead of redeeming these pledges, the Department of State, under the dictation of Morgan and other international bankers, has extended financial imperialism into new countries and has done nothing to redress the grievous wrongs of the previous administration. American taxpayers have borne the cost of collecting the debts and protecting the properties of American exploiters in these countries. American marines have been sacrificed and thousands of natives killed. America has been disgraced for the profit of private interests.

The present Republican Administration was elected upon a pledge to avoid entangling alliances. But under that Administration the United States has been involved in a compact with the three great imperialistic nations of the world, England, France, and Japan, which commits the United States to support those nations in the exploitation of Asia. This compact—the Four-Power Treaty—was negotiated under cover of the so-called Disarmament Conference. It is a peril to the American people and a direct threat to world peace. The international bankers, oil companies, and other exploiting interests alone will profit from it.

The Hughes Policy

The foreign policy of our State Department under Secretary Hughes has been guided by private interests. In South America, in the Near East, in Mexico, and in Asia the American Department of State has been an agency of American bankers on the one hand and the Standard Oil Company on the other. The Interior Department is not the only department of the Government that has betrayed the people's interests to enrich the oil syndicates.

As Standard Oil has shaped our foreign policy during the present Administration in matters relating to natural resources, so Morgan & Co. have shaped its policy in questions of international finances.

Thus, in foreign as in domestic affairs, the invisible government has become visible. The financial oligarchy controlled by Morgan and Standard Oil openly dominates our governmental policies in both fields.

It is for this reason that the Progressives declare that their first purpose is to break the power of the private monopoly system over our Government and return it to the people.

When I am elected President of the United States it will, therefore, be my first task to begin to restore this Government of ours to the people. That is the basic step in our program of housecleaning—a program that includes justice to all classes, to the farmer, to the worker, to the independent merchant and manufacturer, to all those unprivileged millions who have been politically voiceless during the last ten years, and who have suffered most from the war and the period since the war.

The Progressive Program

We would end war by ending the causes of war. In ending these causes of foreign war, we will in large measure reestablish our liberties at home.

First: We will end secret diplomacy. Secret diplomacy in effect makes it possible for our State Department to involve us in commitments and obligations, in acts of aggression, and in entanglements which involve the honor of the nation. Under secret diplomacy war becomes an accomplished fact before the nation is aware of even its possibility.

Second: Should war be forced upon us we would end all profit from war. Sacrifices at the front and in the home would be paralleled with equal sacrifice in the banking office, the counting room, and the munitions plant. We would enlist wealth if we enlisted men.

Third: If war is forced upon us, we shall leave no heritage of debt on subsequent generations. We shall pay for war as we go. Our taxes will not be taxes on the hunger of the poor, on necessities and comforts, on recreations and amusements. Our taxes will be levied on war profits, on unpatriotic dividends, on incomes, inheritances, and excess profits. This, too, will discourage war.

Fourth: We will not annex the territory of any other nation. We will not invade the territory of our neighbors. We will not impair their sovereignty by a display of armed force. We will not menace the integrity of Mexico. We will withdraw our marines from Haiti, from Santo Domingo, and from the Central American states. We will not join in the dismemberment of China, or seek to coerce China or any other dependent people to permit us to share with other Powers in their despoliation.

Fifth: We will give self-government to the Philippines, thus fulfilling the solemn promises of our Congress. In place of conquest we will offer help and encouragement to these peoples to establish self-government, to the end that they may enjoy the same liberties that we seek for ourselves at home.

Sixth: We will provide for a referendum on war, except in case of armed invasion—an emergency which I cannot conceive to arise. We will make no more wars by the act of the Executive Department alone; we will make no more wars by dragooning the Senate and the House of Representatives into war. We will make no war until those who are to offer their lives and who are to make the sacrifice vote their approval of war. Such a war would not require the subversion of the Constitution, the trampling under foot of civil liberties, and the denial of the rights of free opinions.

Seventh: We will seek the whole-hearted cooperation of the nations of the world to reduce armaments to a defensive basis.

Eighth: We will end financial imperialism. We will divorce the State Department from imperialistic financial agencies. We will repudiate the doctrine that the American flag shall follow the investor. American youth shall no longer be sent to the tropics, to Mexico, to Santo Domingo, or Haiti. They shall not be used in Europe or in other continents as a collection agency for private debts.

This is a constructive policy—a policy of peace on earth and good will to all mankind—a policy that would mobilize the world for peace, that would free the world from conquests, and release its workers for the production of wealth and for its enjoyment unpoisoned by fear.

La Follette's Cincinnati Speech

Senator La Follette also discussed America's foreign policy in his speech in Cincinnati on October 10. On the subject of financial imperialism he said:

America has become the credit reservoir of the world. We have 40 per cent of the gold of the world. The whole world is knocking at our doors for loans. Since the war eight billion dollars has been invested abroad. It has gone to Europe and to Asia, to Africa and to South and Central America. J. P. Morgan & Co. has become the dictator of the destiny of a great part of Europe. It fixes the terms on which governments may endure. It determines whether ministries shall rise or fall. It dictates the terms of peace and holds the fate of European democracy in its hands.

The financial power of Wall Street showed its hand in Haiti and Santo Domingo when American marines were sent to protect its investments. Should its precarious investments in Europe, Africa, or Asia be imperiled it will demand that American boys be conscripted for their protection.

The doctrine that the flag follows the investor is a bankers' doctrine. It was conceived in the British Foreign Office seventy years ago. It was this wicked doctrine that destroyed the liberties of a great part of the world; it led to the bombardment of Alexandria and the invasion of Egypt; it made Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco subject to France. It seized on the richest provinces of China. It laid its hands on all of Africa. It inspired the Boer war. It lay back of the conflict over the Bagdad Railway and the conquest of the Mediterranean.

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the flag follows the investor, is responsible for the great war itself. For thirty years prior to its outbreak the concession hunters, exploiters, imperialists of England, Germany, Russia, and France, backed by the foreign office, supported by secret diplomacy, were at war all over the unprotected world. It was the irritations and the conflicts, the fears and the hysteria, the propaganda of the munition makers and the press that brought on the great war that left ten million youth in the trenches, that maimed and crippled twenty million more, and brought the civilized world to the very brink of destruction.

The Treaty of Versailles which we were asked to ratify was a treaty of financial imperialists, of exploiters, of bankers, of oil monopolists, who sought through mandates to sanctify and make permanent a redistribution of the spoils of the world and to cement forever the strangle hold of the power of gold on the defenseless peoples of the earth.

America has become the creditor nation of the world. We are standing at the threshold of a parting of the ways. We are menaced by our own imperialism, by that imperialism which destroyed the great nations of the past. It was imperialism that destroyed Greece. It destroyed Rome.

Contributors to This Issue

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, contributing editor of *The Nation*, is now in Europe investigating conditions in the Jewish communities.

R. A. HASTE is a Montana newspaper man who has served as Senator Wheeler's secretary in Washington.

ELIZABETH KNOWLTON has contributed articles on her travels to various current periodicals.

CARL VAN DOREN, literary editor of the *Century* and contributing editor of *The Nation*, has written a book on James Branch Cabell which is shortly to appear.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO is a New York man of letters who frequently reviews volumes of fiction and literary criticism for *The Nation*.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor," a novel to be published this coming winter.

NATHANIEL PEFFER has lived in China and written for *The Nation* and other publications on Far Eastern politics.

WINTHROP D. LANE has made extensive investigations of conditions in various mining districts and is the author of a book, "Civil War in West Virginia."

Anatole France

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